THE COMMONWEAL

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SIX DEAD MEN

THERE is precious little novelty in the remark that many administrative functions of the federal government remain in the hands of persons who either never possessed any intelligent energy or have long since lost it. To all intents and purposes, not a few bureaus have been manned during generations by six dead men. But something really fresh and striking may be found in the following excerpt from a committee report to the American Bar Association: "That six Presidents continuously for a period of thirty years have attempted to reform the administrative branch at Washington is conclusive disproof of the bureaucracy's claim to efficiency. Its inefficiency must be glaring, its extravagance flagrant, thus to engage the attention of every chief executive during three decades. And the fact that all these Presidents failed in their efforts is striking proof of the iron grip that the bureaucrats have on Congress." After adducing further critical testimony, the report goes on to conclude that "the demand of the bureaucrats for more and more power" must be offset by an increased insistence upon the value of local government and upon "individual rights and liberty."

One may say that recent Presidents have been quite frank in their endorsement of state and local government as a substitute for a certain kind of federal control. But the question remains: how is a function which Washington has exercised going to be restored to the states? So far, almost every suggestion has encountered insurmountable obstacles. Mr. Hoover's offer to place control of western grazing lands with the several commonwealths interested got nowhere. Flood control plans are dangling in the air while state executives fail to agree and interested congressmen argue for a federal solution of the problem. Some legislatures would be more than willing now to assume control of the liquor traffic within their jurisdictions; but a dozen years ago the vast majority of them voted solidly for federal rule, and it is inconceivable that this decision can be reversed. To some extent it is correct to say that new grants of authority to Washington are being stoutly opposed. The campaign for federal control of education, for instance, has made no headway. But the existing bureaucracy remains, and is likely to continue to remain, something not to be remedied by subtraction.

Perhaps the only genuine method of reform is that being tried by President Hoover, with a success likely

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to prove memorable. During years when party government seemed the only possible way in which authority could be set up, various groups interested in social problems, or in the whole matter of democratic life, came to have a very beneficent effectiveness. Today there are many such organizations, supported by funds voluntarily contributed, and often endowed with first-rate leaders. Some are definitely affiliated with religion; others are purely civic in outlook. At any rate, the thought suggests itself: could not the government profitably invite men of the character insisted upon by such groups to take a share in the nation's administrative business? Mr. Hoover has faced that question optimistically, and his endeavor to answer it is earnest and significant.

He has assembled commissions to deal with such varying issues as law enforcement and education. In each instance men of unusual ability have not hesitated to respond, and usually the nation has enthusiastically approved the step. The most notable instance to date is probably the formation of the Federal Farm Board, which is virtually an additional cabinet appointed to study a particularly complex and baffling situation. In this case the appointees have triumphed over all purely political opposition and even a strong Senate protest. It may be that the Farm Board is not everything which might legitimately be desired, but at least "senile routine" has been side-stepped. Something similar might be said regarding less prominent appointments. The President has virtually drafted two Philadelphians—Mr. Charles J. Rhoads and Mr. J. Henry Scattergood—to do the man-sized job of reconstructing the Indian Service. This organization had got into well-nigh scandalous doldrums, and the new administrators have already manifested vastly more than good-will. Equally promising work has been started by the National Advisory Committee on Education, the members of which are experienced and prominent teachers. Called upon to study the function of the federal government in education, it has set out to gather facts as a substratum for theory rather than to impose a theory upon poorly understood and amateurishly correlated facts. Apparently its object really is, as Secretary Wilbur says, "to bring clarity in a troubled field."

We believe that such executive action, if it can be continued over a period of years, will constitute the best possible answer to legitimate criticism of the federal bureaucracy. In accord with the most vital currents of democratic thinking about problems of government, it is a less drastic and more practical remedy than a wholesale shifting of administrative burdens to the several states would be. On the other hand, there is abundant opportunity for these states. No doubt many of them could well afford to utilize for their own tasks the same civic vitality which the President has so skilfully put to work. Meanwhile one cannot but think that the mere presence of this vitality is an effective proof of America's will to carry on.

WEEK BY WEEK

DURING the past weeks, calm and frenzy have mingled rather thoroughly in the discussion of Palestine unrest. Several Jewish travelers, home from a tour of the near East, have criticized the British administration with unreserved bitterness. To them the turmoil was an outbreak of lawlessness, which a simple exercise of police power might have prevented. On the other hand, the extent to which reasoned calm prevails among American Jews is evident from the fact that a congress, called with the approval of Rabbi Stephen Wise to discuss the Palestine situation, was countermanded. Jewish opinion felt that it was extremely unwise to use the occasion of Prime Minister MacDonald's visit to the United States as a pretext for unleashing a good deal of heated oratory. This action is commendable, revealing as it does a readiness to envisage the manifest difficulties which beset the English. An article contributed by Winston Churchill to the American Hebrew is to the point here. The British government, declares the former minister, must respect all the rights and aspirations of all the peoples in Palestine. But the Jews have not interfered with any of the legitimate rights and aspirations of the Arabs, being really the harbingers of new wealth and beneficence to the country. Hence the Arab ought to love the Jew. The future, therefore, would seem to resolve itself into a business of teaching the sheik how to be affectionate.

Restless Palestine

PRESIDENT HOOVER should be more pleased than displeased at the Senate's vote to attach the export debenture plan to the tariff bill. For it provides him with a way of escape from a most embarrassing dilemma. On his own statements he is committed to principles directly opposed to the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Last fall he pledged that there would be no general upward revision of the tariff. Last spring, against the advice of the old guard, he called this special session for no purpose other than to aid the farmers and such industries as were in distress. But proceeding on the theory that a Republican President cannot veto a protective tariff, the House and then the Senate prepared the highest tariff rates in history. Mr. Hoover might disapprove of it, but it was pretty certain that he would not dare to veto it. Now if the House allows the debenture plan to stay in the bill, as Senator Borah and others predict it will, the President's problem will be simplified. He is even more definitely established in opposition to the debenture than to the high tariff rates. If he wishes to break all precedent and veto the bill, the country will understand that he is vetoing the debenture plan. As between doing the conventional thing, and submitting to a measure which defeats him on two important points, the choice should not be hard.

Debentures and Mr. Hoover

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NOTHING in this world looked more inexpressibly dead than American Socialism ten years ago. It has not been resuscitated yet, but if the present rate of progress continues, New York City at least may awake to find that it has elected a mayor who borrows his political label from Karl Marx. Nobody expects Mr. Norman Thomas to win out in the present campaign, but he will undoubtedly poll a heavy vote and so gird his loins for future battle. This advance is entirely due to his intelligence and civic probity. Tammany, jarred by a number of domestic squabbles, will have to choose soon between a revival and a vacation. Its recent performances do not enkindle enthusiasm even in its journalistic supporters; and Mr. Thomas has subjected them to a critique genuinely masterly and incisive. In addition, he has profited even more by the puerile antics of the Republican standard-bearer. Mr. La Guardia, who possesses a gift of fluent speech, is revealed as a man who has little else. With a number of municipal problems fairly aching for discussion, he has dedicated his vocabulary to this or that alleged eccentricity in the conduct of Mayor Walker—and to such facts as that the price of bread is one cent higher in New York than in Philadelphia. It may be conceded that Mr. La Guardia has put in a powerful bid for the wise-cracker championship. But the fact remains—and it is far from pleasant for us personally to admit it—that light on city government in America's largest town seems the monopoly of Socialist torch-bearers.

Leeway for Socialism

MANY of our papers display a proper and genuine indignation at the way in which the Louvain inscription controversy has been settled, but they have lent, nevertheless, an unconscious enhancement to one very amusing feature of the business. The Belgian courts have sustained Mr. Whitney Warren, the American architect, in his resolve to engrave upon the front balustrade of Louvain's rebuilt library a legend announcing to the ages that this edifice was destroyed by German fury and rebuilt by American bounty. Monsignor Ladeuze, the rector of Louvain University, had held out against the special condemnatory phrasing. Opposing him, Mr. Warren caused to be published a photographic copy of the "German fury" inscription, the original of which, he said, the late Cardinal Mercier had himself written and handed to him when they conferred on the matter. According to Blackfriars, the English Dominican monthly, this copy ran: "Furore Teutonica diruta, dono Americano restituta." The same magazine quite legitimately concludes that, as it was probably no secret to Cardinal Mercier that "furor" is a masculine noun and "Teutonica" a feminine adjective, his authorship of these inflated and discord-perpetuating words may be disallowed on internal evidence alone. We do not know whether this grammatical lapse will be embodied in imperishable marble on Louvain's façade; but we do know that we have found the inscription quoted in this form, in all good faith, by every American newspaper in which we have read the story.

German Fury in Latin

IT IS not surprising that in the South, where oratory is still regarded as the fine art, a jury should be exhorted to do its duty so that it may "in the name of God and justice render a verdict that will be emblazoned across the sky of America as an eternal sign that justice has been done." But surprise turns to disgust and indignation when one reads that this same speaker, prosecuting the Gastonia strike slaying trial, "emphasized his plea by lying down on the floor of the court to illustrate some of the testimony, kneeling and praying before the jury, and holding the hand of Mrs. Aderholdt, the slain chief's widow who, attired in mourning, sat wiping her eyes before the jury's box." How can a juror retain the necessary judicial calm in the face of such flagrant emotional exhibitionism? He must be swept off his feet by such a burlesque of the prosecution's summation of the case either into voting condemnation for the prisoners, or into a reactionary antipathy toward the man who has so far forgotten the dignity of the court and the law. Both states of mind are subversive of the true administration of justice.

The Appeal Emotional

TIME was when, in the interests of philosophy, Buddha went out into the desert, Diogenes dwelt in a tub, Socrates abode with Xanthippe and Spinoza ground lenses. It now appears that modernity has triumphed over the ancients in this respect, too. The American Philosophical Society, through Dr. Francis X. Dercum, its president, has appealed for the support of "financial Alexanders" to the extent required by a plan to erect a $2,000,000 home in Philadelphia. This building would house the valuable library of the Society, provide a publishing headquarters and afford a place of meeting. Proof against the perfidy of arson, it would also maintain a stolid calm during the heated debates which might conceivably reign in its assembly halls. Dr. Dercum has made the following quotation his slogan: "The world is too vast and too complex to be grasped by a single philosopher. When Aristotle comes again, it will be in the form of collective intelligence, the sustained thinking of many minds driving toward a common goal." This prophecy has already impressed many, and the New York Times reports that M. Raymond Poincaré has sent a cheque.

Millions for Philosophy

WHY not? Dr. Siegfried Behn holds that modern philosophy has been at a distinct disadvantage as compared with mediaeval thought precisely because the Scholastics were not isolated. They had the aid of close association in a corporation endeavor, on the basis of a corporately accepted tradition. "Today we

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are living," he declares, "in a state of complete anarchy in so far as thought about the universe and man is concerned. The motto of any hopeful philosopher must now be patience, even though he realizes there is no room for such a maxim in genuine science. For the more definitely a branch of investigation becomes a science, the fewer are the opinions which can be tolerated concerning it. Who would speak of 'sovereign opinion' in the field of mathematics, or consider such a thing wholly sane? The goal of all real science must unquestionably be to countenance only the truth and to dismiss all idle claims to originality. Equally much must the philosophical summary of the sciences aim to establish one true opinion rather than a thousand contradictory opinions." It is not likely, of course, that Dr. Dercum's projected institution will reveal much affinity with mediaeval institutions.

The Noise Commission

NEW YORK CITY, appropriately enough, too, has a Noise Commission. It includes, in addition to lawyers and engineers (indispensable to any commission) ear specialists and neurologists; its purpose is to acquaint the Department of Health with what may be done immediately and in the future to alleviate the noise nuisance. Among other things the Department requests of it "a complete classification of noises; the tabulation of intensity geographically arranged; some scientific measurements of principal city noises, together with specific recommendations as to their control or elimination." All this sounds much more hifalutin' than the suggestion of the prefect of police in Paris several years ago that automobile horns be pitched to a sweeter note, but is actually less so, since it does not tend toward the orchestration of a city's noises but the muffling of them. What it will accomplish no one can predict, since the experiment has never been made before. All who have lived in large cities, however, and know the havoc that noise can play with nerves, nerves with the digestion, and so on to the complete undoing of health will wish the New York commission success.

More about Women

SOME weeks back we said a few words on the subject of Mr. Ford's criticism of women. Our continuing confidence that Mr. Ford was wrong shall not, however, keep us from now saying a few words on the subject of the weird and impredicable things occasionally done by womens' organizations. They are not, of course, any worse than the things occasionally done by men's organizations. A certain type of pep meeting for salesmen or alumni, an escapading business men's convention, or congress of psychologists can set a rare standard of absurdity. But these male performances somehow do not strike the same nerve as do stories like the current ones about the W.C.T.U. state convention or the Housewives' League of the Republican-Fusion campaign. As we make it out, women are expected to have certain fixed attributes. They have repeatedly demonstrated that they may mislay these attributes, especially when they act in groups, but the demonstration never seems to take. The W.C.T.U. delegates who reported that during the last year they had crushed 405 cigar stubs and 42,399 cigarette butts in their war on nicotine, elicited the same acrid amusement as if women had never publicly lost their sense of humor before. The Housewives' League who published their "ten commandments for beguiling your husband's vote" caused the same mirth as if women had never till now been corporately undignified. Whether they like it or not, we repeat, from our last remarks on the subect, women will never cease to be thought of as women.

For a Special Census

THAT public welfare institutions and agencies are slow to furnish figures to a private social service census is the experience of the Association of Community Chests and Councils. It believes that the government could more effectively conduct such a census; suggests that the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor take it over, and that $30,000 be appropriated for the purpose. The figures wanted are on dependent families, child delinquency, old age care, public health services and so forth. They are necessary if communities are to furnish enough hospitals for the sick poor, relief for the needy, care for neglected children—necessary if the charities are to have a proper "control" over their work. The plan is supported by Miss Grace Abbott, head of the Children's Bureau, and if it will accomplish a part of all that it promises, if it will enable the Community Councils to utilize more effectively the sums placed at their disposal every year, the $30,000 should be rapidly forthcoming. It is a small sum in comparison to the funds which it will help to control in our larger cities.

Uses for Leisure

FOR what is in many respects the most amazing pronouncement of the year, credit should go to the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce. In the course of a text on trade standardization, the Bureau's unnamed discussioneer explores the results of our "increased leisure," and his findings might be listed in this way: (a) "Our people are devoting more time and energy to careful and judicious expenditures"; (b) "There is more shopping around for better values and better bargains"; (c) "Our people are becoming better judges of value and are demanding higher quality." The result of this, no doubt, is that "among the producers, competition was never keener than today." The demands of an alert public, made intelligent by leisure, keep the country's industry on its toes. The more active industry becomes, the greater should be its rewards. More prosperity for industry means more prosperity for "the people." More prosperity makes possible more leisure.

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More leisure makes us better shoppers. The better shoppers we are, the keener are producers to please us. So we go forward to the utopia where we shall be hilariously shopping and producing, doing these things better than they were ever done before—everyone—all of us—scrambling around the lyric circle, gaining leisure to shop to stimulate production to increase prosperity to have more leisure.

Saint Hildegarde

MODERN woman might well be astonished by the career of Saint Hildegarde, abbess of Eibingen during the twelfth century, which has just been commemorated by a festival in various Rhenish towns. Perhaps no figure in early mediaeval history combined so many kinds of greatness. She was first of all a mystic whose writings, particularly in the form given them by modern editors, bear the stamp of sacred authenticity. Of course they are not all the result of special initiation into the supernatural. But they express, with transcendant power, that "prophetic mission" of the Christian life which was so well understood during the middle-ages. Conscious of the "holy spirit" which lived in a united and loyal Church, she could declare: "I see a light, which is not affixed to space. It is much brighter than a cloud into which the sun has been folded up, and as I look at it I cannot find any height nor length nor breadth." Then she was also a genuinely remarkable student of nature, possessing not only that "feeling" for the stir of the cosmos which all romantics have sought to capture but also a knowledge of facts which was, for her time, most unusual. Thus her Physica contains the names of more than a thousand plants and animals, each of which is characterized with the aid of personal observation and popular tradition. Finally, she was also a counselor to whom thousands of people came for advice, and whose assistance Pope and emperor were eager to obtain. It is eminently desirable that Saint Hildegarde should be widely known to our time, in which the position of woman is so acridly disputed.

Probing into Pottery

IN DUE time we shall, no doubt, behold a veritable procession of Shearers. For the moment there is enough to see in the case of Mr. William Burgess, formerly a member of the Tariff Commission, who now represents a number of industries for varying fees. One of the industries is the United States Pottery Association, which alleged that "a Mr. Koch, head of the ceramic division of the staff of the Tariff Commission," had done everything in his power to hamper American business and to aid importers. The specific charge brought by Mr. Burgess, as representative, was to the effect that Koch played into the hands of a personal friend, who is a New York distributor of Japanese chinaware. This accusation was denied, quite naturally, with gusto. Interest in the proceedings centers around the fact that while Mr. Burgess was with the Tariff Commission another expert, Mr. Langenbeck, was asked to resign because he had prepared a report stating that the hard porcelains of China and the Orient could not be replaced by similar American products. Evidently Mr. Burgess has not changed his mind. Prior to serving with the Tariff Commission he received $5,000 a year from the Pottery Association; since leaving the Commission he has received $7,500 a year from the same source. There is, accordingly, no reason why he should change his mind though that of Mr. Koch and of Mr. Langenbeck are expected to be altered.

Too Much Dramaturgy

THE current trend for special education in every conceivable field has met here and there with doubt and even opposition. This is especially true in the department of drama- and fiction-writing, where a growing feeling in defense of spontaneity and what used to be called inspiration has set itself against the acquisition of the slickness and competence which make the productions of our best schools so marketable and, generally speaking, so forgettable. The most interesting recent spokesman for this point of view is the Irish dramatist, Sean O'Casey. According to an article in the Herald Tribune, this provocative and graphic writer positively rejoices in his ignorance of stage technique—an ignorance to which the article attributes "his minimization of plot . . . and his creation of . . . startlingly vivid portraits." It may be, of course, that O'Casey's recent violent quarrel with the Abbey Theatre justifies a certain amount of suspicion that he is here talking a little "specially." But, without taking sides in that quarrel, or extenuating the somewhat pretentious realism of certain passages in his plays, one must admit that this dramatist possesses great literary vitality, and his protest, even its lowest terms, must be seen as significant. It is not hard to feel that our own national drama would be better if it crackled less effectively and fumbled more in the direction of the truth.

There Is a Santa Claus

THIS heading does not herald a 25 percent dividend on an investment to which we had said farewell, a reduction in our gas and electric rates, or a set of free tickets to the Notre Dame-Army football game. It is a literal repetition of the assurance recently given the world by Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of experimental psychology at Johns Hopkins University. There are really two professors in the story. Dr. William S. Sadler, of Chicago, should also be mentioned gratefully for having opened the controversy and set its key. Every five-year-old child, says Dr. Sadler, should be told that there is no Santa Claus, if its faith in its parents' veracity is to be preserved. To whom the Johns Hopkins savant addresses this rebuke: "Santa Claus is one of the most beautiful and probably the least harmful of childhood myths.

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How does Dr. Sadler or anyone else know there is no such thing as Santa Claus?" Seriously, in spite of our diversion at the spectacle of two pedagogues invading Barrieland with heavy-footed tread, we confess to a certain uneasiness at all this. Santa Claus is as hardy an entity as you are likely to meet in a day's march through the human mind, but we cannot see how he is to keep his blood and bounce if he is labeled and ticketed as a specimen in the psychological museum. He exists to fill stockings and drive reindeer, not to subserve some function of "dramatization." Yes, there *is* a Santa Claus—yet. Will there continue to be if science takes him up in a really serious way?

MR. WILBUR'S "WARDS"

THE Lake Mohonk conference on Indian problems was notable chiefly for the memorandum submitted by the Secretary of the Interior. But it was not Mr. Wilbur's statement of a policy to place "the Indian and his property upon the normal basis of contributing citizenship" within twenty-five years that makes his message of special importance. We think that the Indian himself must feel that the glory of future citizenship is mild stuff. What counts is a satisfactory answer to his present needs. Twenty-five years more of such bungling as has been going on, and there may be no Indian problem to speak of because there may be no Indians.

What the Indian will pay attention to in the Secretary's message is the statement that "the principal immediate problem is to do substantial justice to the Indian children of today so that they may have adequate educational and health opportunities." The coupling of education with health here is significant. On the reservations, particularly in the Southwest, education and health have hardly been compatible so far. Trachoma and tuberculosis have gone with the A B C's. Children have been herded into schools far away from their homes, often in uncongenial climates. If they were hungry at home, at least they were amid familiar surroundings. They have been as hungry at school as on the range, and unhappier. Their teachers have been handicapped by an unstable system which has shifted them about before they have been able to get their bearings. After ten years of schooling, Indian youths have been released ("released" is the word) to find that there is nothing on earth for them to do with themselves. They have been forced into a "civilized" way of living, but no help has been offered them to continue in that way of living. They are willing to work (all who really know the Indians testify to their efficiency as workers) but there has been no work for them to do. The idle adult Indians whom Secretary Wilbur speaks about are not uneducated tribesmen. Most of them have had their ten years in the government schools.

Secretary Wilbur shows that he has thought about these problems, and that he is willing to go all the way toward ending them. "A long period of parsimony has been damaging. . . . There would seem to be no obstacle in the way of immediate intensive campaigns looking to the procurement of work for these Indians. . . . There is no reason why the attitude toward the educated young Indian should be different from that toward the white boy who has finished school," and particularly "The opportunity must be made for him. The responsibility for making that opportunity rests with the government, which is his guardian."

With Mr. Wilbur as Secretary of the Interior, and with Mr. Rhoades and Mr. Scattergood as Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, it has been generally predicted that things would look up for the Indian. Certainly his destiny has not before been at the disposal of men at once so sympathetic and so capable. Habitually hungry, without control of his own tribal funds, deprived of his water rights, without a voice in selecting his children's place of education, it was high time that his friends appeared in official places. That devastating report on the Indian Administration by the Baltimore Institute of Government Research in 1928 revealed a system so inefficient and so unfair that it is almost a wonder the Indian has survived at all. Happily the report was not without effect. To it we probably owe the appointment of Mr. Rhoades and Mr. Scattergood; certainly it is the basis of the present administration's interest in and policy toward Indian affairs.

TWELVE O'CLOCK SHARP

THE extent to which any large city is its own moral boss must remain unknowable. Successive migrations of work hunters, put on the move by changing industrial conditions, strain housing and police facilities to the utmost; and of course the visiting small-towner, bent on a lark, begins to feel rubicund and energetic about midnight. It is a fine tribute to the soundness of civic feeling that all such difficulties do not harden the urban conscience. New York, for instance, is accustomed to appreciative coöperation between its governing forces and various private committees which mount guard for one reason or another. Among these last the Committee of Fourteen occupies an honored place, not only because it has been at work during twenty-five years, but also because its concern is with a particularly malignant form of social vice. It is very hard to stamp out prostitution, despite the fact that mankind universally realizes the degradation of the unfortunate women involved. It is even difficult to prevent actual traffic in girls, although some of the cruder forms of this practice have disappeared. But the subject is especially interesting now because of the chance it affords to observe causative social influences at work.

This year the Committee's report calls attention to several startling facts. The number of arraignments for prostitution in the Separate Court for Women,

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Manhattan, was more than twice as large in 1928 as it was in 1925, and the proportionate increase of wayward minors is even greater. To some extent these alarming figures may, no doubt, be explained by a general moral collapse, reflected clearly in the literature and drama of the time. But as the result of careful investigations the Committee has been able to localize two sources of the evil. The first is "the mushroom growth of night clubs and speakeasies and the adjustment to them of commercialized prostitution." A series of 14,399 investigations brought to light 1,443 cases of offense. But—and here is the point of sovereign importance—"while only 9 percent of the total number of investigations were made in night clubs and speakeasies, yet they revealed a proportion of 78 percent of all the violations found." The Committee definitely avoids all tendency to link this situation with the unregulated traffic in liquor which has followed the enactment of federal prohibition; and yet, as will be seen, the two things are closely related.

Night club and speakeasy assume many forms and lead to varying social results. That places where drink flows tend also to become haunts of sex indulgence unless scrupulously supervised is eternally evident. But the extent to which an old evil has grown anew is surprising indeed. The Committee investigated 392 night clubs and found that all but twelve were catering to prostitution. Indeed this part of the business is served by an elaborate personnel, extending all the way from employment agencies to which girls turn for work in the theatre or the cabaret to the "hostesses," with a retinue of procurers, runners and gangsters thrown in for good measure. A certain type of employment agency seems virtually to have become an institution for cajoling young and attractive women into a species of night life from which they can hardly be expected to emerge unscathed. The following passage from the report offers an interpretive summary of conditions that merits consideration: "Instead of a white slave traffic, the current traffic is what might be termed a traffic in hostesses, girls who apply at the agencies as the principal avenue to employment in clubs and speakeasies and who thus find themselves the subjects of bribes, promises and solicitations. Added to these are certain influences of the lower class night clubs, such as the breaking down in morale caused by the long hours of work, the constant drinking of bad liquor, the lack of adequate sleep, economic pressure and association with criminals." And when one thinks of the nearly three thousand girls arraigned during the past year in Manhattan alone, one cannot help being appalled by the spectacle of vice, misery and bottomless degradation.

Now as nineteen hundred years ago it will not do to cast stones at these women. The Committee admits that social vigilance is exceedingly difficult under the circumstances, and advocates only a few specific legislative changes designed to widen the authority of the police. How glaringly the federal government has failed to control a liquor trade which once it had at least the power to regulate through licenses is plain to anybody who walks with open eyes down any city street anywhere. It is especially powerless, however, against the viler types of speakeasy, which can even elude a thoroughly honest and well-manned city police force, well acquainted with the terrain. In so far as the municipal government itself is concerned, it can with difficulty cope with either the corrupting influence of the wealth now involved in bootlegging or with a marked public desire that the supply of drinkable alcohol be conserved. And so lawlessness breeds license, and license vice, until the stench of the thing clings about everyone's nostrils. Even so, it is not enough to point out the hopelessness and folly of prohibition. Everything which agencies of redemption and salvage can accomplish ought to be done, particularly in so far as young women adrift in the city are concerned.

More startling, perhaps, is the situation in Harlem, "the comparatively small area at the northeasterly end of Manhattan Island which has become the site of the world's largest centre of Negro population." Here vice in all its forms thrives as the meadow blooms in spring. "The 'easy morality' of the Negro," declares the report, "may or may not be a fair allegation; but it is certainly not a convincing explanation of a condition over which white officials have control and in which white customers are a major factor." Ninety percent of the worst dives in the district were owned and managed by whites; and as a matter of fact the whole territory is described as a place to which "certain classes of whites go on a moral vacation." When one considers, with the report, that the Negro population of Harlem is forced to combine its experience of transition from rural life to urban circumstance with housing conditions of a sort venomously deadly to family life, one sees that the prevalent fashionableness of "blues" and other supposed Negro creations reposes upon very grim foundations. It has been an awareness of facts like these, which unearth deposits of social poison, which has lately induced The Commonweal to air the relations between the Negro and American civilization with as much frankness and charity as possible. The traditional race policy is certainly wrong, if only because of its dismal reaction upon whites themselves.

We believe that the Committee of Fourteen has written a document which, if it can get into the hands of thoughtful persons, will effectively call attention to urban diseases that clamor for remedying. But, as was said at the beginning, the city cannot be shouldered with all the responsibility. It is New York itself which summons into being vigilant organizations. These then come upon problems created by national legislation or the carelessness of other communities. The city, in other words, is representative of the country and indicative of its civilization. And if the present report is not altogether a source of satisfaction, it is nevertheless a proof that conscience still abides.

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TOWARD JERUSALEM

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

No doubt the recent disturbances in Palestine will be remembered for a long time to come as an indication of social feeling in the near East, and as a commentary upon the potential ineffectiveness of mandates through which nationalism comes to grips with imperial internationalism. The following record of a personal experience is, we feel, doubly interesting. It has been written by a competent American-Syrian journalist, and it is based on first-hand observation. The editors of The Commonweal are glad to say that Mr. Mokarzel has been long and favorably known to them.—The Editors.

IN MY travels in Syria I had counted on making my visit to Jerusalem the supreme goal of my excursions. Proceeding southward through beautiful Lebanon, I had consistently resisted the pressure of friends to tarry longer with them and was making rapidly for the northern border of Palestine. A night at hospitable Jedaidat Marjioun was all I would permit myself, so anxious was I to conserve my time for a more prolonged stay in the Holy City.

Thanks to the representations of my two companions—a prominent native of Jedaidat recently returned from the United States, and an influential newspaper publisher of Beirut—the border inspection at the Lebanese post of departure and the Palestinian post of entry (al-Mutellat) was quickly dispatched. Our car tore along the road at reckless speed over the steep hills of northern Palestine and through the fertile plains of Al-Houle. At the military post of Al-Ja'oune a thorough search of the car was made and our identity ascertained.

It was here that a splendidly built young native officer in trim khaki uniform begged for a lift to Tiberias. He proved to be not only a versatile entertainer but a purveyor of many bits of unique and delightful information. Moslem-Jewish riots had taken place in Jerusalem and other cities of Palestine, and he was being transferred from the comparatively quiet sections of the border to more exposed interior localities. His name was Ta'ih Nemr—the Roaming Tiger—and he was living up to it. We picked him up at Al-Ja'oune and dropped him off at Tiberias. The next day we met him at Haifa.

We were then approaching the Sea of Galilee which lies about six hundred feet below sea level in a deep hollow surrounded by high hills. The natural scenery at sunset was wondrous. The bleak hills took on a rich reddish tinge which was accentuated by the gathering darkness on the water. There was something severe and awesome about the panorama, especially when viewed in the light of its historic associations. And the Sea of Galilee is no peaceful little body of water. The Tiger explained that in times of storm it is capable of raising waves that wash the roadway which skirts it even at places twenty or thirty feet high. In this my Syrian driver concurred as he frequently conducted tourists in Palestine in winter.

The night of August 23 was spent in a comfortable hotel in Tiberias conducted by a German. Although it had accommodations for a hundred or more people, the guests on that day did not exceed four: a resident German archaeologist, a missionary and his wife from the American colony in Jerusalem visiting for a day, and I. I was told that the disturbances of the previous week in Jerusalem had been suppressed and the authorities had the situation well in hand. On this assurance we planned to cover the distance of 175 kilometers from Tiberias to Jerusalem in five hours at the most.

So early on the morning of August 24 we hastened to leave Tiberias after but a brief visit to its famous thermal baths and the old quarter of the town. We were rapidly gaining the top of the hill of Hatteen, scene of the decisive battle between Moslems and Crusaders which ended the occupation of the Holy Land by Christian Europe. Less than an hour later we had reached Kafar Cana, the same Cana of the Gospels where Christ transformed the water into wine. Our next halt was at Nazareth which, quite in contrast with the other cities we had seen, presented an invitingly clean appearance. It is situated on a gently sloping hill at a short distance from the vast and fertile plain known as Marj Ibn Amer. Many Zionist colonies flourish there, principal among them Balfouriat, named after Lord Balfour in recognition for his having given Palestine to the Jews as a national homeland.

It was Saturday and Balfouriat was peaceful and quiet. On the main highway skirting the town was a gang of Arab workmen breaking stones. We stopped to question one as to general conditions in that section. "The Jews have taken possession of the land and driven us out. We have naught to do but break stones," he complained.

"But why did you sell your land to the Jews? Couldn't you have retained it and worked it in the same manner as they are now doing so profitably?"

There was a look of deep anguish in the man's eyes as he grasped the meaning of my question. This was his explanation:

"It was not we who sold to the Jews. It was the landowners. The whole of the Marj plain was owned by Sursuq of Beirut who was tempted by the high price offered, and sold, and drove us out of employment. For countless generations we had been tenants working the land for the benefit of the masters. We could not, or did not think of saving. What could we earn to invest in the price of land when the whole plain was held as a single unit and would not be parceled

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out in small lots? Under these conditions, and inasmuch as we had been in occupation of it so long, we felt ourselves secure. When the sale was consummated to the Jews we were reduced to the necessity of breaking stones on the roadway."

I gathered that feeling ran as high against the landowners as against the Jews. The concern of the Arabs is to earn a living in the manner obtaining in their country from time immemorial. I came across the same situation in northern Syria and in Houran and the Druse Mountain. It is due to this condition of insecurity that the immense Syrian plains present the appearance of desert wastes, especially after harvest time. Not a single tree or shrub is to be seen for miles. The peasants would not waste their efforts planting trees which took time to give fruit and which they felt they had to plant for the benefit of others.

From the outskirts of Balfouriat we pushed along rapidly to Al-Afoule. On the way we were stopped by an automobile coming from the opposite direction. The driver was a native but the occupants appeared to be American or English missionaries: a serious-miened, middle-aged gentleman riding with two boys in the back seat and a spectacled lady sharing the front seat with the driver. The driver offered his advice for "the generous face of Allah." It was unsafe to proceed any farther, he said. They had been stopped before reaching Janin and made to return. All roads leading to Jerusalem were barred, as the disturbances in the city had been renewed. Large numbers of Arabs were flocking to the city from neighboring towns and were intent on dealing decisively with the unreasonable ambitions of the Jews. The military were helpless and the roads were unsafe.

My own driver began to falter. True, he was wearing a tarboush, which was in itself assurance of safety. But I was wearing a hat which constituted an element of danger. He begged to turn, but I refused. He explained that although he was a Moslem, he was a Shiite whom the Sunnite Moslems hated even more than they did the Jews. If his identity were discovered, it would prove dangerous for us both. I was able to prevail upon him only when I explained that, compared to him, I ran a double danger.

At Al-Afoule, the next military post, there was gathered a large number of Jews from Balfouriat. They immediately swarmed around our car for information. The officer in charge had strict orders, he said, to let no one pass. I had seen no real indications of any disturbance thus far, and could not conceive of any reason for retracing our course. Representing myself as an American citizen going to Jerusalem on urgent business, I protested that the general orders upon which the officer was acting did not apply to me and insisted upon seeing someone of higher authority. This argument had its effect; we were allowed to proceed to Janin, a Moslem village lying some twenty-five kilometers further south on the road which leads to Jerusalem.

It was but ten in the morning when we reached there, and considering that it was harvest time and that the day was not a day of rest (Friday is the Moslem Sabbath) there were surprisingly large crowds in the square of the mosque at the entrance to the town. We also saw several soldiers and policemen. We had not proceeded a hundred and fifty feet beyond the mosque when a crowd motioned frantically to us and ordered us to turn back and report to the authorities. Some were waving sticks and showed by their gestures and general demeanor that they did not approve of the liberty we were taking.

My driver did not need any argument. I also felt some concern, as it was plain from the action of the crowd that they were not friendly. I spoke to them in Arabic, saying that I was an American citizen compelled to report to the American consul in Jerusalem. There was unmistakable determination on the part of the crowd, however, that I see the authorities first. They seemed to have their suspicions about my motives.

So back we went to report to the authorities. I was directed to the office of the chief of police. But the Chief of Police was not to be found. When I descended to where the crowd remained watching me and reported the situation, a young fellow consented to lead me to the office of the governor of the district. He received me courteously, expressing his regret at the situation.

"We have strict orders," he said, "not to allow anyone to go to Jerusalem. The roads are dangerous and the authorities are in no condition to guarantee anyone's safety. I would be only too willing to give you an escort if I could but spare a single soldier."

I then produced a letter of introduction which I carried to Haj Ameen Husseini, the grand mufti of Jerusalem and leader of the Arab movement in Palestine, from one of his personal friends in America. But, though the governor was, as I learned, the mufti's cousin, he remained unrelenting. "Not that we do not wish to let you pass, but we simply think the roads are not sufficiently safe for us to take such risks."

Twice during my stay at the Governor's office he was called on the telephone apparently from headquarters in Jerusalem.

"Our district is now comparatively quiet," was the gist of his replies. "The crowds that gathered from neighboring towns were induced to return to their homes today. They are now engaged in the gathering of ther sumsum crops. Yes, sir. I am sure we now have the situation well in hand. My forces are inadequate but I anticipate no further trouble. Yes, sir. The roads are all guarded and the distance between here and Afoule is under regular patrol. Yes, sir, your orders shall be strictly carried out."

Still I would not give up. I said that once in Palestine I had to report to the American consul in Jerusalem and would take upon myself the risk of reaching him. If I should encounter any interference on the

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way, I felt sure I could explain the situation to the satisfaction of the Moslem population.

The Governor gave me the reason for not entertaining such an argument: "You will not be given the opportunity to explain. The mob will not listen to reason and even were I to give you a letter of recommendation there is the grave danger that you will not have a chance to produce it."

We then shifted the conversation to general topics, at which the governor seemed visibly relieved. We discussed the merits of the Zionist ambition to settle Palestine as a national home. I could see that the governor held views compatible with his office. "The country belongs to its conquerors," he said. "The Jews first took possession of it by right of conquest. The Arabs can lay no better claim to it. The country now needs coöperation for its full development, and it is regrettable that the spirit of strife should be so rampant as to retard the progress of Palestine materially."

Upon leaving the governor's office, I found that my chauffeur had proved a most able press agent. Being a native and wearing a tarboush, he was asked about my identity and my business and he explained to them in words to which fear lent added eloquence that I was a friendly Christian traveling about the country to study conditions; that I was a Syrian publisher in America; that I had been honored and feasted everywhere I went in Syria and Lebanon, and extended exceptional official courtesies by the authorities. Consequently it was a different crowd around my automobile when I emerged from the governor's office. They courteously opened a way to let me pass and some of them bestowed upon me approving smiles.

Meanwhile, a dapper young man in a silk Jombaz and a new tarboush, who sported a whip as his only weapon, was earnestly admonishing my driver not to consent to drive me to Jerusalem if he were offered a hundred pounds. "Not even for a thousand," replied the driver, overjoyed at his feeling of assurance that his argument would prevail.

Then the dapper young man began to deal out some of his advice to me. "We would loath to see any harm befall you," he began. "We have been informed about you and would wish to show you all hospitality. But if you will take my advice you will discard your hat as it may cause you to be mistaken for an enemy. No, you will not be given a chance to explain your identity and your motives in the present mood of the population."

Therein was the secret of the danger to which I had been exposed. Everyone wearing a hat was taken for a Jew and set upon. I later learned that a young Christian in Jerusalem, because of his wearing a hat, was attacked by a mob and badly beaten. One of the mob was about to plunge a knife into his prostrate body when he was recognized by a native Moslem and spared.

I finally decided it was impossible to continue to Jerusalem and that I would take my chances getting to Haifa in my hat. On the way derisive calls of "Jew, Jew!" were hurled at us by boys and workmen on the road, but our car was speeding at too fast a pace to permit of any other interference. We entered Haifa shortly after noon. At Cook's they looked worried over the situation; they had not received mail from Jerusalem for three days, and telephonic communications were interrupted.

Toward evening large crowds began to collect in groups in the principal streets. An educated Palestinian Christian with whom I was sitting on the veranda of our hotel told me that many among them were peasants from neighboring villages who had come to take part in a proposed demonstration. That night the authorities ordered all theatres and public places closed. In the morning we learned that in the Jewish colony of Mount Carmel, the mountain suburb of Haifa, one Jew had been killed and three had been wounded.

As reaching Jerusalem was out of the question, I decided to leave the next day for Egypt. At the station I was surprised to see a native soldier approach me with a familiar greeting. He was our friend of yesterday, the Roaming Tiger. Anticipating trouble at Haifa, the authorities had ordered every man they could spare from outlying districts to the scene of possible disturbance.

At the junction of Ludd, many refugees boarded the train bound for Egypt. A certain German Jew from Jaffa was outspoken in his condemnation of the English. "At a mass meeting of the Jews in Jerusalem yesterday," he told me, "a telegraphic petition to the League of Nations begged that the mandate over Palestine be given either to the United States or to Italy." His people, he said, would be safer with any power than with England. "England is the instigator of all these troubles. She is now performing in Palestine the rôle she played in India. She is inciting one faction against another to weaken both sides and strengthen her hold on the country. England never wished the Jews well."

At Gaza our train stopped to take on water. Engaged at the same task was a troop train headed in the opposite direction. It bore the first military contingent sent from Egypt to Palestine.

"Australians?" I asked a tommy who was peering curiously out of the window.

"No, from South Wales," he replied.

"You will soon quiet them," I remarked, by way of encouragement.

"They may quiet us, for all we know," was his laconic reply.

We had not proceeded far when we met another train loaded with artillery and ammunition. At Al-Cantara, the ferry town on the Suez Canal, we were informed that the British were draining Egypt of all available men to reinforce their ridiculously small force garrisoned in Palestine.

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PULASKI AND THE REVOLUTION

By RICHARD REID

THE observance, under the President's proclamation, of October 11 as the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Casimir Pulaski's death, recalls the colorful career of this Polish hero of our Revolutionary War.

Brigadier-General Pulaski was but thirty-one years old when he died, yet few men have crowded into a half-century more than did he in that brief span. His father, Count Pulaski, was a noted Polish jurist and educated him for the bar; he received his military training in the guard of Charles, Duke of Courland. He is reputed to have surpassed the Russian Cossacks in horsemanship, and in 1768, at the early age of twenty, he first utilized his military training and skill as a cavalry officer in the movement led by his father to free his beloved Poland from the tyranny of Russia. Through the treachery of one of his supposed allies, the elder Pulaski was soon in the prison in which he died in 1769; his son found himself in command.

The younger Pulaski in a series of brilliant marches organized the greater part of Poland and Lithuania behind the revolt. At one time, besieged in a monastery, he succeeded with his small force in holding the Russians at bay for weeks, and finally escaped. But his limited facilities were no match for the mighty military resources of the Russian empire, and despite the patriotic fervor which he inspired in his people, and his military genius which won him a reputation throughout Europe, the revolt was doomed to fail. To remain in his native land would have meant to forfeit his life, so we next find him aiding the Turks in their sallies against his foe.

But the ground of antipathy to Russia common to him and the Turks, seems not to have been sufficient to overshadow their differences, and he is next heard of in Paris, stirred by the reports of the brave fight the American colonies were making for their liberties. He was popular at the court of France, and it was not long before he set sail for America bearing a warm letter of introduction from the American envoy in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, to General Washington, written under date of May 29, 1777.

Washington was impressed, and in a communication to Congress on August 28 of that year he recommended that Pulaski be utilized in the cavalry, then a disjointed organization of four independent regiments. The young officer made a splendid impression on Washington at the Battle of Brandywine and two weeks later, in the middle of September, he was commissioned to command the cavalry, with the rank of brigadier-general.

His was a difficult position. He was not proficient in the language of his troops. Some officers resented his appointment. There is evidence that his orders were at times ignored. But he perhaps saved the army at Warren Tavern and he also distinguished himself at Germantown. After six months he resigned his command. Washington's admiration and confidence were undiminished. The result was the forming, with the approval of Congress at the request of the Commander-in-Chief, of the Pulaski Legion of sixty-eight cavalry and two hundred infantrymen. Pulaski's successor as commander of the cavalry was another Catholic, General Stephen Moylan, with whom his relations had not been particularly cordial.

After some months of comparative inactivity guarding northwest New Jersey from Indian attacks, Pulaski, impatient, succeeded in having his corps ordered to South Carolina, where his courageous insistence prevented Charleston from being handed over to the enemy in the spring of 1779. The next and closing chapter in his life was the fateful siege of Savannah.

General Lincoln was commander of the American forces in the battle; it is estimated that the French, under Count D'Estaing, constituted two-thirds of the troops. Pulaski commanded the French and American cavalry. The battle was fought to the west of the city, in the neighborhood of the present Central of Georgia railroad station. The American prospects were doubtful from the start; they were, it is reported, made hopeless by the desertion of an American officer who conveyed the plan of battle to the British. The American and allied troops were mowed down by cannon; 1,000 of them, most of them Catholics, sacrificed their lives that day. Early in the battle Pulaski glimpsed an opening in the enemy's works. He resolved to essay a sally of his cavalry through the opening to the city beyond in order to disconcert the enemy and encourage the town. General Lincoln approved. Major Rogowski, wounded at the side of Pulaski, describes the scene:

> Imploring the help of the Almighty, Pulaski shouted to his men, "Forward" and we, 200 strong, rode at full speed after him—the earth resounding under the hoofs of our chargers. For the first few minutes all went well; we sped like knights into the peril. Just, however, as we passed the gap between the two batteries a cross-fire, like a pouring shower, confused our ranks. I looked around.
>
> O, sad moment, ever to be remembered. Pulaski lies prostrate on the ground. I leaped toward him, thinking possibly his wound was not dangerous, but a cannister shot had pierced his thigh and the blood was flowing from his breast—probably from the second wound. Falling on my knees, I tried to raise him. He said in a faint voice: "Jesus, Maria, Joseph!" Further than this I know not, for at that moment a musket ball grazing my scalp, blinded me with blood, and I fell on the ground in a state of insensibility.

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After the battle, in which Count d'Estaing was among the wounded and the famous Sergeant Jasper killed, Pulaski was conveyed to the brig Wasp, a privately owned vessel. Despite the best attention of the surgeons of the French army, he breathed his last as the vessel was leaving the Savannah River for the open sea on its way to Charleston. The great Atlantic, which he had crossed for freedom's sake, was his last resting-place.

October 9, the date of the battle itself, has been Savannah's Pulaski Day. After the death of General Pulaski, Congress voted to erect a monument to him, but it was not until 1910 that the money was appropriated and the monument dedicated in Washington. the city's first Pulaski Day was March 25, 1825, when Lafayette laid the corner-stone of a monument to him at Chippewa Square. This monument was never completed, but twenty-eight years later, on Pulaski Day in 1853, the original corner-stone and records were removed to Monterey Square and a new monument begun; it was completed two years later.

The date of October 9 was retained by the city this year for its local celebration, thereby affording the distinguished visitors who attended it an opportunity to be present at the exercises at the national Capitol on October 11. Congress delegated to the city the Pulaski sesquicentennial committee. An official delegation from the republic of Poland had come from Warsaw, and there were also representatives from the embassies of Poland, France and Czecho-Slovakia, chief executives of many of the states, officials of national Polish organizations and other notables, and Americans of Polish extraction from numerous cities of the East and Middle-West.

Pulaski's religion was not forgotten. At the request of the mayor's committee, the bishop of Savannah had arranged that a Solemn Pontifical Mass should open the day's program. Further exercises included a great military parade, with local and national military units from posts in the Southeast participating; the placing of a wreath on the Pulaski monument; a program of addresses; and the conveying of official visitors down the harbor on the coast guard patrol Pulaski, to scatter flowers on the waters where the patrol's namesake was buried a century and a half ago.

It is not inappropriate that along the coast of Georgia, reddened by the blood of Franciscan and Jesuit martyrs to the cause of religion generations before Plymouth, the remains of Pulaski and his hundreds of Catholic companion martyrs to the cause of liberty should rest. Savannah did not wait until this day and time to honor him and them, and it is with joyful appreciation that it learns of the plan of Americans of Polish extraction as well as citizens of Poland itself to erect on Georgia soil a greater monument to keep green the memory of his achievements and ideals.

SUMMERING AT CLIFF HAVEN

By JAMES J. WALSH

AFTER the most successful session of its history, the Catholic Summer School of America in its annual meetings on Lake Champlain promises now more than ever before to exemplify why the Greeks used to express leisure, the term that is the root of our word for school. It has often been said that you can learn more about a man by finding out how he spends his leisure than in any other way. When Standish O'Grady, the distinguished Irish scholar, was visiting this country, he reminded us that twice in the world's history when men did things that the race will never willingly forget—in the fifth century before Christ in Greece, and in the thirteenth century of our era—they spent more than one-third of their time at leisure, that is in the celebration of religous mysteries of various kinds. It is when they are working, as Goethe said, "Ohne Hast ohne Rast," that men have the peace of mind to think deeply enough so as to get at the supreme significance of their thoughts.

James Norman Hall, who has had most varied experiences as a war correspondent and traveler, culminating with ten years on the island of Tahiti, suggested in an article in the Atlantic Monthly (September, 1929) that it was a great pity that the distracted and harassed average man, the man whom one meets on the streets of our busy cities or sits beside on the suburban trains, "might not have some places of silence where he could go into retreat as the Catholics do." Manifestly Mr. Hall does not mean quite what would be intended by the word retreat as we use it, for he wants a place more like the Summer School, where

> men could throw off all care, and study to know themselves. They could be as solitary as they chose, their privacy would be scrupulously respected, but for those who wished or perhaps lacked it in their ordinary lives, there would be evenings of stimulating conversation.

To a friend who asked, "And who would do the stimulating?" his reply was

> Themselves. Men who seem dull and commonplace are often so only because of the soul-killing conditions under which they must live. Give them room to expand, to breathe freely and naturally, and they throw off lethargy as though it were an old coat.

His friend doubts whether such places would serve the average man, "the man one sees at ball games and lodge meetings and hotel lobbies and suburban trains." His friend is quite sure that "the average man could be neither persuaded nor bribed to visit one of them."

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The experience of the Catholic Summer School, now approaching its fortieth year, has been that the average man and woman can find grateful stimulation for mind and body under the conditions that have been developed at Cliff Haven. There probably never was a time when Catholics so felt the need to know all that they could possibly know about their religion as they do at present. Until the twentieth century, indeed it might be said until after the great war, it was the custom among the English-speaking peoples for those not of the Church to ignore Catholicity or to consider that it was a decadent form of Christianity sooner or later destined to disappear. People refused to read Catholic books because they felt that there was nothing that could be said from that standpoint that had not been said before. Catholicity was a religion for the poor and the ignorant, not one that needed to be taken seriously by those gifted with intelligence, especially if they had had any opportunity to develop that intelligence.

We have changed all that. One can scarcely pick up a serious magazine that does not contain an article making some reference to the Church, and usually in a way that indicates that special attention is being focused on it. The man in the street, the man on the train, wants to know more about this religion which his immediate forefathers used to condemn so bitterly and which is now being discussed from so many different standpoints. The Catholic of the street and the train wants to be of help to his neighbor in the understanding of Catholicity. He finds in the agreeable leisure of the Catholic Summer School the opportunity to secure a fund of information on the burning topics of the hour that enables him to understand and appreciate the faith that is in him and at the same time supplies him with an armamentarium of response to questions that develop from his contacts with men and women for the rest of the year.

He secures that information quietly, pleasantly and in stimulating surroundings that make it all the more readily available. At the same time he lives in a Catholic atmosphere that brings home to him better than anything else could the true meaning of Catholicity in modern life. To take but one incident. When the Angelus bell rings, all the Summer Schoolers stop in the midst of whatever they are doing—talking or walking or studying or playing—and bow their heads in a few minutes of recollection and prayer. Most of those outside the Church who have seen Millet's Angelus would very probably be inclined to think that this bending of the head in reverence while the Angelus bell rings from the distant town is all right for peasants—is something appropriate to the French countryside as a reminiscence of the faith of the middle-ages, but hardly in place in the everyday life of modern Americans. This is, however, one of the striking experiences that the visitor to Cliff Haven is impressed by. It becomes such a commonplace after a few days that he scarcely notices it—except to fall in with it himself. There is an atmosphere of intellectualism, an atmosphere of devotion, an environment that is impregnated with the true Catholic spirit.

There have been those in recent years who have suggested that the spirit of play was triumphing over the spirit of study at the Summer School, but anyone who saw the University Extension courses in action during July would realize that this departure alone has proved quite sufficient to vindicate the studious significance of the Summer School. The courses were given under the auspices of Fordham University and represent manifestly only the beginning of what is to be accomplished in this line. Teachers who have spent tedious years in a city environment, find the sylvan conditions of University Extension at Cliff Haven ideal. The building in which most of the classrooms are situated is embowered in a pine grove which stretches along the lake front for a quarter of a mile, so that between the coolness afforded by the trees and the breeze off the lake, there is no possibility of the insufferable heat which afflicts the cities during the summertime.

These University Extension courses combined with the regular lectures, many of which during August were crowded to capacity, represent a climax of interest in the Summer School far beyond preceding years. Manifestly the grounds will be crowded in future during all the nine weeks as they always have been during August. The ideal of the Summer School has been not only maintained, but advanced, and Catholics are securing under these conditions of peace and quiet in a Catholic atmosphere opportunities for the absorption of information and inspiration with regard to their faith. These opportunities must mean very much in these critical days when so many intellectual people insist that all forms of Christianity are dwindling in influence, and that only the Catholic Church is maintaining its hold upon the affections and the reverence of its people.

Conqueror

My enemies have fled from me,
They dropped their weapons and ran.
The stars came out in their old-time places,
The noises of night began,

A wail here and a whirr there
And a little slipping sound,
The snap of a twig as a padded foot
Softly presses the ground.

But I am not afraid at all,
I stand as a man should,
For I have worsted my enemy
Alone in the lonely wood.

When day comes I shall go again
To the old work and the old way,
But I think I shall not fight again
Whatever the world may say.

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

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NEW PERSPECTIVES IN CHARITY

By JOHN O'GRADY

Horizons have altered in social welfare work, and notably in the realm of Catholic activity new methods and purposes are to the fore. The old concerns of charity —the home, the orphan child, the vagrant and the unfit— remain, however, central and constant. In the following paper Professor O'Grady examines several aspects of the contemporary situation, of interest to all who are directly or remotely concerned with charitable endeavor. His article forms a part of a volume in the Calvert Series, and will be published in the near future by the Macmillan Company.—The Editors.

CATHOLIC social work has always been regarded as an essential part of the pastoral ministry. Until very recently the Catholic Church in the United States assumed that the serving of the poor and the needy could be cared for by the ordinary mechanism of the parish. The priests have shared their responsibility in this important work with the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. Through their Saint Vincent de Paul conferences they have sought to develop lay participation in Catholic charities.

With the great shifting of population in American cities, however, parishes have found it increasingly difficult to care for their own poor. Many parishes which until recently had flourishing congregations have lost their best supporters and are compelled to depend on a small number of wage-earners' families. The homes once owned by people in good circumstances are now occupied by families that are more of a liability than an asset to the Church. The number of poor in these parishes has increased in inverse ratio to their resources. Moreover, there are very few on whom the pastor can call for any type of lay activity. This is probably the most serious obstacle that we find in the development of parish social work in the United States. It means that a large number of poor parishes must have assistance from some outside source in their charity work.

In order to meet this situation, many far-seeing pastors in the past established coöperative relations with non-sectarian agencies and public relief departments. They believed that these agencies should not be non-sectarian in name only, that their workers should help persons in need, no matter what their religion might be. The contact with the parish was, in turn, useful to the agency in that it gave it an opportunity of guiding a group of volunteers toward improved standards.

From this relationship were developed some of the outstanding leaders in Catholic social work in the United States. Through their study of non-sectarian work they recognized the limitations of purely parochial programs. They wanted to see the Church better prepared to meet the problems of poverty and dependency in the new age. Those who share the heritage of these pioneers have reason to bless their memory for they did much to develop a more wholesome respect for the Catholic point of view. They initiated many of the things that have become a part of the accepted Catholic program. They always emphasized the fact that Catholic social agencies had little to gain and much to lose by isolating themselves from the other agencies of the community.

Many of these leaders recognized that public agencies had been set up and developed to take care of public needs that could not be met by either individuals or private agencies. There was no reason why any group in the community should be deprived of their benefits; it was the duty of all groups to see that public service was maintained according to the highest standards of efficiency.

As Catholic leaders began to establish city-wide contact in social work, they immediately saw the inadvisability of having each parish develop its program of relationships with non-sectarian and public agencies. This would have meant as many different types of relationship and standards of work as there were parishes. Some would be highly conscious of their social responsibilities, others would be indifferent toward them. The logical thing to do was to set up a central clearing bureau which would be the point of contact between all parish volunteer groups and the community, and which would also serve as an information centre. There were many things which the parish organizations needed to know about the resources of the community in the way of relief, health, legal aid, the courts, and which it was hoped the central organization could supply. It was also expected that the central organization would be an inspiration to parishes inclined to be indifferent to their social responsibilities.

The Society of Saint Vincent de Paul established the first clearing bureau in Catholic social work in the United States. From their daily experience they came to appreciate the need of city-wide programs of Catholic charities, in order that the Church might be able effectively to discharge its pastoral responsibilities. This immediately opened new avenues in Catholic social activity. The volunteer organizations began to see more clearly that social work meant more than the giving of relief and the finding of employment. Its great fundamental task of changing the attitudes of individuals and of families toward their life's responsibilities began to force itself more strongly on their attention. They came to see social work in its proper perspective as an integral part of the work of the Church in reaching human souls, in brightening human lives, and in bringing men closer to God.

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In the past, non-sectarian agencies were frequently at a loss in regard to the religious problems arising in Catholic families since it was often difficult for them to develop a common basis of understanding in dealing with Catholic parishes. Many pastors looked upon them as Protestant agencies. Hence they hailed the central Catholic organizations as a great source of relief.

As social work generally came to express itself in strong city-wide organizations, it was most important that there should be a central organization fully representative of Catholic interests. This was felt to be the only means of assuring the fullest Catholic participation in these movements.

The child-caring institution or orphanage occupies a very large place in Catholic charities in the United States. Beginning with the thirties of the last century, great numbers of immigrants began to pour into American cities. When the immigrant family was deprived of its chief bread-winner, there was no means of taking care of the children and at the same time of shielding their faith. A number of bishops, religious communities and national societies took the initiative in establishing orphanages for the care of these children, which in many of the larger cities antedated any special public provision for handicapped children. Accordingly the public authorities entered into an arrangement with the Catholic and other private institutions for the care of public wards. In a number of centres of this arrangement—public wards are committed to private institutions and are paid for by the cities and counties on a per capita basis—still continues.

Originally it was assumed that the same institution could provide care for children of all ages and types. In time, those in charge came to see the need of specialized care for different types. Institutions known as infant asylums were accordingly established, usually combining the care of babies with work for unmarried mothers. Particular institutions were also organized for the care of delinquent children, the feeble-minded and the crippled. The question immediately arose as to how far the Church should go in this sort of specialization. This question has really settled itself in a practical way in most dioceses in the United States. With its manifold responsibilities the ordinary American diocese has been unable to command sufficient resources to finance institutions confined to the care of feeble-minded and crippled children, though a few of the larger dioceses have provided homes of limited capacity. Catholic charities have been compelled to look to public institutions for the care of most of the Catholic unfortunates of this type. Outside of a few of the large dioceses, the same has been true of delinquent Catholic boys. Thanks, however, to the labors of the Good Shepherd Sisters, many dioceses have been aid toward the establishment of homes for delinquent girls.

Catholic charity in regard to the child does not depend entirely on homes of this type. It goes much further and seeks to find private homes for their wards. This resort to adoption as a properly managed solution has had during the past fifteen years very gratifying results. It, of course, does not aim to supplant the institution but to supplement it.

The Catholic child-caring institutions of the United States are rooted deeply in the traditions of the past. Their upbuilding has represented a hard and bitter struggle. The religious communities in charge of them have received very little assistance, in general, and have been compelled to operate them on a very small margin. Since these communities were pressed for increased personnel by the schools and hospitals, as much attention could not be given them as might have been desired. Moreover, they were built up on the principle of rescuing the child from undesirable surroundings and since, if they did not accept the child there was a danger that he might be taken by some proselytizing agency, the policy of accepting children without very much preliminary questioning was developed.

One of the most important problems confronting the institution today is the reception and discharge of children. Obviously no person interested in such a refuge wants to see it filled with children who can be taken care of in their own homes. He wants to see it reach out into those fields in which its influence is needed most, and to give special attention to children who need intensive religious and moral training. In the new Catholic institutional program such an objective is readily attainable.

No longer will the orphanage or the shelter be an isolated unit in Catholic work. It has been made an integral part of a diocesan plan of Catholic charities. Its work will be closely related to that of organizations interested in the conservation of the family life of the child, and through its contact with outside agencies it will be able to keep a watchful eye on the child after he is discharged. It can then live in the assurance that its efforts and its labors have not been in vain.

The work of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul and the various organizations of Catholic women pointed the way for diocesan programs of Catholic charities in the United States. The lay organizations found that there was a certain point past which they could not reach in programs making for Catholic work as a whole. Their leaders recognized that if unified and systematic programs of Catholic charities were to be developed, they must be developed under the leadership and direction of the bishops in their respective dioceses. Each Catholic organization and institution was perfectly capable of rendering a worth-while service in its own department. But what promise was there for future planning and development? The diocese alone was in a position to plan intelligently for the future; it alone had the authority and prestige necessary to prevent overlapping and duplication of

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effort, to supplement existing agencies and to lead them to better standards. The diocese alone was duly qualified to speak for Catholic philanthropic work as a whole.

From very humble beginnings fifteen years ago the diocesan programs of Catholic charities in the United States have come to a position of leadership not only in Catholic work but in social work as a whole. In 1915 not a single diocese in the United States had a scientific plan of Catholic charities. At the present writing some thirty dioceses have adopted fairly systematic programs.

The success of the diocesan organizations of Catholic charities will depend very largely on the type of leadership and service they provide. Above everything else they need leaders and workers who are inspired by the finest ideals and who have a thorough appreciation and understanding of the best modern methods in the care of the needy and afflicted. For the training of leaders and workers we must have schools. They cannot be permitted to acquire their experience and technique at the expense of the weakest and most helpless members of the community.

MANGAN, THE IRISH DREAMER

By HELAN MAREE TOOLE

THERE were two Mangans in James Clarence. One was well known to the police, a man dominated by drugs or liquor, crouched in a Dublin gutter. One hour exotic, strangely iridescent dreams of power and pageantry floated before his mind. The next hour, a paramount struggle seized him. Mangan has written: "The Gorgon's head, the triple-faced hell dog, the handwriting on Belshazzar's palace walls, the fire globe that burned below the feet of Pascal are all bagatelles beside the phantasmagoria which evermore haunt my brain and blast my eyes."

Mangan was born in 1803, the year that Moore became Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda and that Mrs. Hemans published her first volume of sentimental verse. A note of grim tragedy was struck in his youth which clouded his later life, making him morbid and sensitive. His incomplete autobiography states concerning his father:

"Me, my brothers and sisters he treated habitually as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds. It was his boast uttered in pure glee of heart that we would run into a mouse-hole to shun him. . . . But I have an inward feeling that to him I owe all my misfortunes."

Tyranny and poverty forced the studious boy to abandon the forlorn schoolhouse in Derby Square. In the flowering-time of Keats, Shelley and Byron he studied in a desultory and haphazard manner whenever his clerical duties subsided. To crown all, an unfortunate love affair in which he was spurned shattered all his ideals of love. Soon he became a victim of drugs. His biographer and contemporary, Mitchell, says that Mangan had the "unmistakable alabaster shine" of Coleridge and De Quincey. His disturbed mind is revealed in Rest Only in the Grave.

The other Mangan, the Irish dreamer was well acquainted with the Muse Euterpe. He found pleasure sitting in a nook with a book or soaring into the empyreal sphere seeking inspiration for his art.

His offerings to the Muse from Gaelic sources thrill with denunciations against Ireland's thraldom, with pride of her stout-hearted heroes and with a plaintive lament for the dead. These poems lack any vein of humor or merriment. Love, either passionate or frivolous, is absent. The Dark Rosaleen, full of sonorous and sensuous beauty, edged with wistfulness and power, finds the seed of its theme in ancient Gaelic days. A nameless minstrel of the Tyrconnell chief, Hugh Roe, used to sing for his lord melodies of his native land. He called Ireland "Roisin Dubh," the black-haired little rose. The opening and close of this bardic fragment substantiates the testimony of scholars that this is an allegory of proscribed patriots. When the northern clans battled with Queen Elizabeth's army and the Jacobite insurrection was seething Ireland was, according to the song of the MacGregors, "nameless by day." The various allusions to Rome and Spain refer to aid promised by their rulers.

The epic prose poem of Roisin Dubh, when translated at random from the Gaelic, is crude. Mangan's transformation of it was an arduous task. He rewrote the poem three times. His first interpretation possessed little blending of words and rhythm to express the spirit. The second attempt remained naive and prose-like. Still undaunted Mangan tried a third time. In 1845 the poet combined the best in the fascinating Roisin Dubh with his own concept of the theme. He broke into the weird and symphonic strains of the immortal song of Ireland, The Dark Rosaleen. The last stanza throbs with a noble ferocity in lines of Grecian simplicity and power:

> "O, the Erne shall run red,
> With redundance of blood,
> The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
> And flames wrap hill and wood,
> And gun-peal and slogan-cry
> Wake many a glen serene,
> Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
> My Dark Rosaleen!"

Mangan's calmer Irish poems are less admired, for all their charm. Sir Samuel Ferguson and Mangan interpreted the Gaelic Boatman's Song. A comparison of the two versions forces the latter into second place. He fails to catch the sailor-like, whimsical mood of the sea, while Ferguson dashes along in a Masefield manner scooping the dusky Kerry sails. Even in the closing apostrophe to the colossal and broken cliff Mangan's words are weak while Ferguson's are vital, warm and strong. In The Woman of Three Cows, Mangan is at ease, having immediately the racy and daring sarcasm of the original. The Fair Hills of Eire, and Ellen Bawn have found better renderings than his.

When Mangan was very young the thought and mysticism of the German poets and philosophers attracted him. His chief passion was not the work of Goethe or Heine but rather that of Schiller, Rueckert, Freiligrath, Uhland and Burger. He began to translate and paraphrase the lyrics of these men, embroidering the product with Mangan illusions and metaphors. The most delightful of his shorter German translations is Rueckert's mosaic, Und Dann Nicht Mehr, at once tender, plaintive and musical. He keeps very close to his thoughtful and spiritual model. Nevertheless there is the typical Mangan addition all unwarranted and new. Louise Imogen Guiney says that Mangan "seems to blight and then revivify all he touches."

Mangan was drawn to Orientalism by his favorite Germans who delved into the thought of the East. In many of his

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oriental poems, Lionel Johnson suggests, "Mangan has poured out of his darkness of the shadow all a captive's longing for the sunlight, for the fragrance of roses, for the burning blue: and also his half-sad, half-smiling sense of life's fleetness and illusion." He enjoyed the Orient of his own creation as did Moore, Byron, Hugo and Fitzgerald. Mangan derived from this source the use of sonorous, successive lines. For example, in The Sawmill, a traveler pauses on the bank of the River Mourne and sighs for everlasting rest. He hears a prophetic voice from the hewed tree in the sawmill:

> "For this grieve not; thou knowest what thanks
> The weary-souled and the meek owe
> To death! I awoke and heard four planks
> Fall down with a saddening echo,
> I heard four planks
> Fall down with a hollow echo."

The Karamanian Exile, which reiterates "Karaman, O Karaman" illustrates more clearly this device. This poem has the manner, the mastery of detail and the grotesque turns of Poe. Miss Guiney points out that Mangan has the advantage of priority. He used this curious involved diction in his writings from 1839 to 1841. Two poems which have mere extrinsic value yield their opening stanzas as arch specimens, The Winniger Winehouse, and The Kiosk of Moostanzar Billah. The same chords appear in The Three Talismen, The Wayfaring Tree, Last Words of Al Hassan, Time of the Barmecides, Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers, and The Dark Rosaleen.

The Irish and American poet had much in common. Any differences may be accounted for by Poe's education and Attic tastes. Both men adored beauty. Both studied the occult sciences with keen interest. Both struggled through the veil of darkness. Both possessed the romantic yearning for the impossible. They dreamed kindred dreams. They died in the same year under very similar circumstances. The comparison cannot be stretched when a discussion of poetic attainment is involved. Poe is the poet of eternal fame.

Mangan's Nameless One is his own and differs from all his other literary attempts. It has a hidden charm which stays the morning star in its steep course. This poem is a desperate cry, a wail of deep despair, of Iscariot hopelessness. It opens his soul and reveals the anguish which was constantly gnawing at it.

Mangan, according to Lionel Johnson, is the poet of much that is imperishable, but above all he is the "poet of a poem foremost among the world's poems of inspired patriotism. It was enough for Mangan's fame that he is the poet of The Dark Rosaleen." This early explorer of the Gaelic past living in the dawn of the Irish revival and the noon of the English romantic movement seems to have struggled in vain. He died in the same year—1847—as Hartley Coleridge and Emily Brontë. His own translation of an extract from Schiller might have been his epitaph:

> "His dreams were of great objects,
> He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
> Communing with himself; yet I have known him
> Transported on a sudden into utterance
> Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendor,
> His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
> That we looked round, perplexed upon each other,
> Not knowing whether it was craziness,
> Or whether it were a god that spake in him."

IN OLD GOA

By CLIFF MAXWELL

FROM Donna Paula to Goa we rode along an austere highway, amid the scenery of India, but with signs of Latinity on every hand. Strange it was that crumbling 'dobe walls and ruins suggestive of old Portugal did not seem more out of place in this far eastern country that was old when Portugal was young.

Then in the late afternoon we drove out between low hills to see Goa and the towers of its great churches massive above it. It was a picture surely, or a dream: here were houses and churches, but neither man nor beast was about. We stirred up the dust of a deserted village, through streets that were a relief to our sun-tired eyes, stopping at last beside the cathedral and within the benediction of its shade.

Timelessness! That was the keynote of the great structure. We gazed, spellbound, at its weatherbeaten exterior; at its statuary and cornices; at the repairs that had been made here and there by loving, priestly hands to save the great edifice from the deteriorating effect of the climate. Only scattered crosses mark the former locations of the ancient city's many churches and convents and hospices.

Through its doors we were admitted into a perfumed dusk. Hearing the soft chant of priests we stepped forward with all care, but the sound of our footsteps echoed and reëchoed through the high-ceilinged interior. Fading light streamed in through the tall tinted windows, gave an unreality to everything it touched. Here on the walls were faces of the martyrs, gentle and compassionate; here, too, the dark-avised pagans whom they sought.

Out of the dusk a priest came quietly to us; showed us vestments of great beauty; relics of antiquity; and brought us down great sweeping stairs to a corridor where iron cells had once housed those elder priests who came to Goa in the long ago. Could I not hear their footfalls in the echoes of our own? Surely our guide heard them, for even while he spoke he held his head as though listening for a sound other than that of his own voice.

Then he showed us to the garden. "You must see the sunset here," said he, and in his quiet way seemed proud that he could lead us to such a place at such an hour. The air was heavy with the odor of ten thousand flowers; bees drifted everywhere. And between the leaves of the mango and rain trees shone a light that was incredibly rose-gold.

At a well in the centre of the garden a lissome, dark-eyed girl drew a bucket of water. She smiled shyly; then, setting the full bucket atop her shapely head, started off homeward down one of the cool forest aisles.

From overhead came the mournful lament of a dove. The rising and falling cadences of melancholy sound added to the lonesome beauty of the place and a wrinkled, weather-beaten old Hindu convert in loin-cloth and tattered turban, girdled with the keys to the church, completed the picture as he sat in silent meditation on the rear steps of the edifice.

The sun dropped, with an almost audible splash, into the Indian Ocean and only a solitary ray touched the tops of the jungle monarch and the tip of one of the church spires as we climbed into our waiting car to return to the small boat that would take us back to the ship.

As we topped the rise leading out from the little hamlet, I turned back for a final look. The church was but a great dark shadow that brooded among lesser shadows in the satin haze of an eastern dusk.

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POEMS BY THOMAS WALSH

The editors of The Commonweal, wishing to remember the death, one year ago, of their friend and associate, Thomas Walsh, believe it can be done most fittingly by offering the following selection from his unpublished poems.

To a Poet Hesitating

Out of song comes silence,
Out of silence, bliss;
When thy song is over,
Hearken, breathless lover,
Hearken unto this:
Love is ever speechless waiting
In the soft eyes hesitating
'Twixt a frown and kiss.
So is silence unto singing
As the nest unto the winging:
Sweet beyond all eloquence
Is the solace that comes after
Love's decisive song;
Spills the cup of joy in laughter,
And is rapture more intense
Than what music can prolong.
Wouldst thou in this singing, poet,
Love's reward not miss?
Cease thy prelude then, and know it
Silent in a kiss.

The Shah Remembers

(From The Fair Companions)

The skies were blazing with a million lights;
Rebecks and flutes and drums made gay the world.
And when the slaves had left the mitred shah
Alone before the gorgeous board laid out
With plate and lamps of gold and precious wines,
He raised his goblet to each seat and quaffed:
"Hail to thee, Abbas, thou art ne'er forgot—
"To thee, my Zabor, faithful memory."
In turn he smashed his goblet 'gainst the lamp
That burned before their places: "Hail, Mihrab,
My best belovèd, thou didst die for me
That I might live—O ye that died in vain."
He smashed the lamp to darkness in its turn;
Then rising cast his own lamp to the ground.
The slaves in darkness found him, robed in state
Moaning "Alone—alone"—while rockets burst
From up the alleys through the lattices.

Infinity

Amid his globes and telescopes and charts
Grave Don Henrique heard the ocean beat
From all its myriad unrequited heart's
Gigantic whispering at Sagres' feet.

While pale above his microscope bent down
Fra Bartol, peering at a grain of sand
Above the alleys of his sleeping town
Seeing infinitude elude his hand.

On the Bridge of Cordoba

Over the river that loiters down
By the sun-baked walls of mosque and town
There sounds from the shrine and cloister spire
The passing bell of the Hours of Fire.
Naught else is heard o'er the ruined walls
Save the canons' chant from their shadowy stalls,
As over the bridge in the dusty sun
The mules go pattering one by one.
Out on its archway, which forever
Speaks of the Moor to the Guadalquiver,
Midmost stands o'er the stream unshaken
The shrine of the Mother of All Forsaken.
"Madre de Dios" they hail her there,
Steeling their bosoms against despair,
While out of the ages their dust-trail blows
On her sword-pierced breast and face of woes.
There does she wait until Juan goes past
Broken and stained with the years at last;
There till the dust claims the rose once more
That Nina at morn in her dark hair wore.
Many an eve shall the starlight gleam,
As tonight, on the brow of the ancient stream,
When the clink of the goat-bells dies away
And the winds from their hidden rose-haunts stray,
And the fever of life glows more and more
In the lamps that wake on the plain and shore,
As the glooms of the patio-grilles are stirred
By the soft guitar unto wild vows heard,
And the whispers of love inflame the breeze
Like the voice of a garden full of bees.
'Tis then shall the far white cloisters hearken
That murmur dread as the alleys darken,
Where hands uplifted shall cry for pity
On hearts that faint in the stricken city;
As the moon comes flooding the cloudless marshes,
Blanching the mosque and the roofs and arches,
While the starlit waves are as censers shaken
At the feet of the Mother of All Forsaken.

To Anders Zorn

Beyond Siljan there is no silver sail;
The gulls wing low in old Dalarna's blue;
The islèd rocks are more empurpled through
A night that falls with a majestic wail.
The mountain pines and scarlet valleys fail
Of some wild magic that they lately knew—
O mighty Anders, they are lorn of you,
Who walked the ancient gods' remembered trail!

Let build your tomb a lonely rock amid
The white sea-women's breasts that heaving play
Their pearl and gold of morn where you lie hid:
High Sweden's royal mantle let them bid,
In folds of ermine wrapping you, to say,
"Last of the Vikings, endless is your sway."

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COMMUNICATIONS

CAN EUROPE BE UNITED?

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—To one who believes in much smaller navies than those planned by the "smaller-navy-for-us" men, the parity parley at Washington looks like the prologue to a play called Balance of Sea-Power Alliance, opening with a smoke-screen cleverly timed to beguile the audience (consisting of a formless mob called "public opinion") into the belief that when the smoke blows away a tableau of perpetual peace will stand revealed. Of course, some weasel-word substitute for "alliance" must be found!

The ever-recurring question arises—do they *want* peace? For answer, let us look at Europe, i. e., continental Europe.

Count Carlo Sforza, in his recent article in The Commonweal, Can Europe Be United?, draws attention to that forward-looking statesman, Aristide Briand, who is seeking to find a basis for economic unity among the various States, which our press generally refers to as the United States of Europe.

What is America's reaction to this proposition?—using the word reaction to describe a mind working without thinking. Isn't it almost invariably suspicious or hostile? But why must our own prosperity force us to deny prosperity to Europe? Must we, because we are united and secure, deny like blessings to war-ravaged Europe? If M. Briand can make every European frontier a market-place instead of a line of battle, more power to him!

But economic give and take is not a complete solution of the peace problem; to make pause at that point is a surrender to the absurd philosophy of economic determinism which would derive all religious and social standards from the dinner pail, and cure all ills by the same token.

The next forward step might well be a more widespread cultivation of good manners among the people everywhere—first of all, right here at home. Official diplomatic intercourse is polite, elaborately so, and that very formalism is a safeguard against lapsing into careless utterance. But what is there about democracy which would seem to give to non-official utterance in international affairs a license to disregard the ordinary rules of courtesy? What is there about democracy which develops a superiority complex, that we should treat with levity, and sometimes with derision, forms of government other than our own, and speak disrespectfully of rulers who are respected by their own people?

Why do we as individuals—why does our press—refer to "dictators" in Lithuania, Poland, Spain or Italy? Upon what theory are we as a people less polite than our State Department is?

The third step forward must be an infusion of the principles of justice and charity into the code of international law, much of which is now nothing more than the will of the strong. Let that body of law be rewritten, so that the righteous weak may hope for judgment against the injustice of the strong, and international law will deserve respect; and when any law deserves respect, its enforcement offers slight difficulty.

And so, perhaps instead of the formula "Europe" which Count Sforza offers for M. Briand, we may substitute a universal formula—"Good Economics, Good Manners, Good Morals"—the latter being the indispensable factor without which all other efforts for peace will prove futile.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

SPEAKING OF WOMEN

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In your Week by Week column for October 9 there appears this indictment of women's mental limitations paraphrased from Mr. Henry Ford: "The female mind has no real place in the world of industry or mechanics; it is not enterprising or precise enough, and not fond enough of responsibility; it belongs in the home, where inventiveness and accuracy are not called for, and where the making of decisions is not often necessary."

Just how many years is it since Mr. Ford, who comments so unfavorably upon the abilities of women and in his summary of their attributes and prerogatives designates their status, with his great inventive genius decided upon a "peace ship"? Then again, in his suit with a very able Jew he was put to rout in his own case and sued for about $1,000,000 (am I right?) and then either retracted his arraignment of the Jews or said he was irresponsible. Would or could any woman have been so foolish?

With Mrs. Willebrandt's opinion, however, of woman's mind, considering her many handicaps I am fully in sympathy, and feel that, given the same opportunity as men, the same physique and stature, her valuation would not only be on a parity but would excel because of application and honesty. I should like here and now to congratulate Mrs. Willebrandt for setting our minds aright on the issue of the last campaign. She says a man calling himself a Catholic was the one who underwrote her speeches and used, in the National Republican Committee, the only weapon that could have been so successfully used to defeat the greatest leader that Democracy ever knew, Alfred E. Smith. The weapon was his religion.

No Protestant could possibly have been such a Judas. But leaving that all aside, I want to assure Mrs. Willebrandt that there are Catholic women who admire the stand she took, even if her speeches were concocted "up in Mabel's room," as Heywood Broun says. Had she been a man and washed and aired the dirty linen of the Republican party, she would have secured for herself a seat in the Cabinet. It was her speeches that secured the Solid South only to break it and place upon a President's chair a man who has avowed openly that he owes nothing to Catholics.

One thing more that Mrs. Willebrandt should know—Catholics are not bigots. We believe all faiths, all creeds, all sects and even atheists have the right of assembly and self-expression, and while we do not commend their opinions, we pray for them and hope for their enlightenment.

While Mrs. Willebrandt has shown courage and has fearlessly turned upon those who would connive at subterfuge and expediency, she has done more to turn both honest and clear-thinking men and women of all creeds from the ranks of the Republican party than she has ever done to aid it. And though I cannot admire the course she pursued, I do admire her courage. Had a nominal Catholic advised me in politics and had I not made more of a study of both parties, I might have sailed under the banner of the G. O. P., as did many of my sisters not so well informed.

It is with surprise that I note The Commonweal declaring for Bertrand Russell when he tells us that America is over-feminized. I should like to take exception to this. We have a family of nine; the father is an outstanding business man; the mother has raised and put through college their four boys

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and three girls; all are grown to manhood and womanhood, have married and are now raising Catholic men and women for the Church of God, making citizens in all sense of the word. Now the mother feels that her time is her own and devotes that time to Catholic organizations, like the National Catholic Welfare Council, Catholic Evidence Guild, etc., as well as to politics. She has organized a Democratic Club to work definitely for democracy in the next four years, securing in the meantime knowledge of many subjects, like the Root Protocol tariff, Senate investigations and the alliance between Britain and America for world peace.

A Catholic Woman.

MR. ANDREWS REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—I appreciate the kind words of Grace H. Sherwood with regard to The History of Maryland, Province and State. In parts, however, it seems to me that the review shows misapprehensions, for which I am doubtless at fault in not having made my position clear.

For example, it does not seem to me that I have belittled the idealism of Lord Baltimore; for the evidence seems to indicate that Cecil Calvert was one of the greatest figures in world history. I did, however, attempt to show that in every case of colonization pure idealism did not exist, even though this absolute purity is apparently claimed by some of the historians of the second English colony, the members of which, it is said, also set out to worship God according to their conscience.

It appears that George and Cecil Calvert held, in progressive ratio, perhaps, the ideas advanced by Sir Edwin Sandys, who invited the so-called "Pilgrim Fathers" to repatriate themselves under the British flag in Virginia. Furthermore, it is my belief that Sir George Calvert, as Principal Secretary of State, backed up this invitation with the authority of a patent —a matter which I still have under investigation. Sandys was "out of sorts" with the king, while Calvert was high in royal favor. At any rate, the Calverts put into actual practice that which Sandys proposed—that and much more.

Lord Baltimore had true ideals, for which he was prepared to sacrifice all; and in pursuing the ideal of the separation of church and state, he encountered more or less opposition on the part of all churches of that day, regardless of sect or creed.

Of course I know (and stated) that the first clergymen in Maryland declined to take part in legislative enactments; but it was thereafter that the founders of Maryland established the rule excluding ecclesiastics from the deliberations of the Provincial Assembly. The tendency of reuniting the church and state was always present; both Anglican and Puritan succeeded, at one period or another. In the course of time the Assembly of itself undertook to defend this principle in Lord Baltimore's best fashion, as when that body rebuked a newcomer of the Presbyterian Church, Reverend Charles Nicholet, who essayed a political sermon before the colonial legislature.

I do not understand the unsupported charge that some of the treatment would tend to "disturb the Catholic reader who knows his Maryland history"—if for no other reason than that all these conclusions were submitted to historians and priests of the Catholic communion, several of whom have specialized upon phases of Maryland history. I cannot forbear quoting one of these, a physical and spiritual hero if there ever was one, because his devotion to duty after a body-wrecking accident shows a truly consecrated soul. After reading the manuscript of The History of Maryland, Province and State, he wrote to me as follows:

"The story of Maryland, as you give it, continues in the same lofty strain as that in which the other manuscripts you sent me was written. It is really intense in its interest, splendidly written, and full of sympathy. And sympathy, as I believe I remarked to you, is, in my opinion, positively necessary in order that one may do justice to a subject. I don't mean, of course, sympathy of a maudlin or extreme character; but a sensible sympathy."

Matthew Page Andrews.

THE JESTER ERRS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—You take Will Rogers to task for a statement expressing his faith in the future of aviation despite a number of recent air tragedies. Your attitude is unjustified.

You brand as "that safe generality" his remark that "travel by air is here to stay." You severely condemn, however, the assertion that airplane accidents "will be taken the same as we take the news that a train at a grade crossing has killed a truckload of people, just a matter of fact." Well, I fail to see wherein lies the sin of Will Rogers. Is not the second quotation a simple statement of fact like the first?

When railroads made their début, or rather when the first deaths resulted from the deficiencies of grade crossings, there was an outcry against the unreliability of that method of transportation. A similar reaction prevails at present in some misinformed quarters regarding flying. But even while aviation is in its infancy, the proportion of fatal accidents, statisticians will tell you, is far less than that of railroads when they first began to lay claim to public approval.

"If that grim attitude had prevailed in New York, for example," you go on, referring to the remark about accidents at grade crossings, "we should never have had the movement for the total abolition of grade crossings that is now the settled policy of the state." We can have no other sentiment than that of approval for such a policy, but you will admit that while efforts are in progress for its realization, not a day passes without a number of fatal accidents at those crossings not yet eliminated.

In aviation attempts are now made to increase the safety of aerial transit, in spite of the fact that in subsequent sentences you imply the absence of such attempts. Not only do inventors, designers and others connected with the industry labor ceaselessly for the purpose of minimizing the dangers of traveling in airships, but municipalities are now taking a part in the movement by appointing competent "air policemen" who are of much value in bringing about a thorough regulation of aviation.

Lucien Zacharoff.

Moline, Ill.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of September 25, 1929, referring to some recent airplane accidents, you remark, "It is time for Will Rogers, and all other writers, to lead in the demand for a very strict and effective regulation of aviation."

Allow me to say by way of comment that you might profitably look up the very strict and effective Air Commerce Regulations, published and enforced, as far as any human agency can do so, by the Department of Commerce Aeronautics Branch. The pamphlet is to be obtained for the asking. I venture to say that few critics of aviation are familiar with it. Hence by way of further suggestion, you might get some competent writer to explain those regulations in The Commonweal for the benefit of your readers who are laboring under

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a false impression that nothing is being done. It is unfortunately true that, notwithstanding the use of all safety devices known today, and the abolition of grade crossings, the railroads are still killing people by the wholesale. And so do automobiles and water-going craft of all kinds. Leaving aside criminal negligence, which no law seems ever able to reach altogether until the harm is done, if anyone could make rules against storms and fogs and cloudbursts, there would be no collisions on land or water, and no airplane accidents.

J. B. CULEMANS.

THE EXPERTS LOOK AT UNEMPLOYMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It is my opinion that the solution for unemployment arising from technological sources is apparent and, in fact, is being forced to some extent by the unions. It is a fair assumption that buildings will be constructed more rapidly in a five-day week now enjoyed by the building trades with the aid of time-saving devices than formerly in a six-day week.

What could be more humane or Christian than for each new labor-saving device to mean not a curtailment of personnel, but a curtailment of working hours, so that the same productivity at the same cost at the same price to the purchaser is achieved in fewer working hours—in other words, giving the laboring masses the benefit of the time saved through inventive changes.

Permit me to take this opportunity to register my opinion that The Commonweal represents the best of contemporary journalistic endeavor, Catholic or otherwise.

JOHN ADAMS.

MATERIAL ON KATE CHOPIN REQUESTED

South Langhorne, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I am writing a biography of Kate Chopin (1851-1904) the American authoress, whose short stories were popular in the nineties and whose novel, The Awakening, aroused much criticism in 1899. I will be grateful to readers of The Commonweal who may possess original letters to or by Kate Chopin, or who may have first-hand reminiscences of her life and literary activities. All letters submitted will be copied and faithfully returned.

REV. DANIEL S. RANKIN, S. M.

UNIONIZING THE FAITHFUL

Maryknoll, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I wish to remind the writer of Unionizing the Faithful, which appeared in The Commonweal some time ago, that the maxim attributed to Saint Paul was not formulated by the great Apostle, but by Saint Augustine, and reads as follows: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, et in omnibus charitas."

A. COTTA.

FROM MR. BLACKSHEAR

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Thank you for the courtesy of sending me a marked copy of your issue of October 9.

May I add to my word of thanks in regard to this matter, that you have evidently overlooked the utterances of Monsignor John L. Belford in his October issue of the Nativity Mentor?

REV. WILLIAM S. BLACKSHEAR.

BOOKS

The Moods of Hardy

Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.40

WHEN Hardy definitely abandoned his career as a novelist and published his first collection of short poems, back in 1898, he remarked in his preface. "The pieces are in a large degree dramatic or personative in conception; and this even where they are not obviously so." This remark he repeated almost verbatim in the preface to his second volume of lyrics. When he sent forth his third collection, he again insisted that the poems "are to be regarded in the main as dramatic monologues by different characters." He repeated this statement insistently, almost as a supplication, at apparently every opportunity. It is almost pathetic to discover it upon opening every one of the eight several books of verse which he produced before his death. He warned the reader to look, not for a coherent system of thought but only for a series of dramatizations of diverse, possibly inconsistent, moods—the moods of various characters in varying situations.

It does not seem reasonable to suppose that Hardy insisted on this point merely in order to prevent hasty persons from reading all his poems as circumstantial autobiography and from attempting thereby to reconstruct the external events of his life, which was actually an unmelodramatic one. It is far more likely that he was acutely sensible of the important fact that when a lyric poet gives impassioned utterance to an emotion, without commenting on it explicitly, he is generally understood to approve that emotion, to propagate it as an experience worth having for its own sake. Hardy always addressed his poems to the intelligent reader, and he knew that the reader who values and exercises his intelligence tends to distinguish clearly between the values of various emotions. Such a reader rightly distrusts an emotion which follows a stimulus without the intervention of his critical faculties. The more intelligent he is, the surer he wants to be that his emotion follows, and does not precede, an act of intellectual or moral judgment on the experience which has induced it. If his emotion appears to him as an intensification of a good judgment, he values it as a healthy bodily resonance. But in so far as his emotions follow automatically in the wake of unexamined stimuli, he regards himself as an ignorant victim of his purely physical impulses. It was for this reason that Matthew Arnold was dissatisfied with many of the English Romantic poets—even with Wordsworth—since he declared that they simply "did not know enough." And Wordsworth himself, in his saner moments, held that every good poem, no matter how impassioned, must make "good sense."

Those who thus demand for their cherished aesthetic experiences a sound foundation in logic or ethics, may reasonably justify their condemnation of many an ecstatic poem on the assumption that the poet is implicitly calling for their approval of what he presents as a sincere outpouring of a worth-while gust of emotion. Obviously, however, they cannot thus condemn a poem (assuming that it succeeds in evoking the intended emotion) if the poet explicitly disclaims such an intention—if he asks them to appreciate it merely as drama, as an educational document, a photograph of a human mind in an interesting state or situation, as a "slice of life." Hence Hardy's careful and iterated warning, and his stated aim to record diverse human phenomena as data which should be felt as well as known by those who seek a sound attitude toward life.

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Sacred Art

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The tremendous influence of religion on arts and letters is a fact which now is being recognized as one of the most hopeful trends of the age. The ignorance regarding "mediaevalism" which prevailed until recently is now being dispelled. The new knowledge concerning this subject, once confined to specialists, is now being made accessible to the cultured public. There is a demand for a comprehensive treatment of the sisterhood that existed, and still exists, between religion, arts, and letters.

The Pius X School of Liturgical Music in consequence of its recognition of this need, announces a course of public lectures on the History of Sacred Art. The schedule is as follows:—

Introductory	**Professor Edward Kennard Rand, Harvard University.**	**Oct. 25**
Liturgical Drama	**Professor Karl Young, Yale University.**	**Nov. 1** **Nov. 15**
Rubrics	**Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs, Chaplain Catholic Club, Yale University.**	**Dec. 6** **Dec. 20**
Architecture	**Ralph Adams Cram**	**Jan. 17** **Jan. 31**
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Yet Hardy's poetry requires this warning less than the output of almost any other English versifier since 1798. It has intense fervor, it has spontaneity, it plays upon an astounding variety of human experiences, yet it seldom affronts the reader's intelligence or requires him to remember the author's dramatic intention. The reader is stirred, often profoundly, but he seldom needs to be ashamed of that which stirs him.

This accounts, probably in large measure, for the growing respect and admiration in which Hardy's poetry is being held. His novels, if we except three or four masterpieces such as The Return of the Native and Jude the Obscure, have faded a little, possibly because they represent a not perfect compromise between Hardy's ideals of art, his social propaganda, and the popular tastes of their day. But his verse, which he composed with steady devotion throughout the sixty years of his maturity, now commands an enthusiasm that grows firmer year by year. John Gould Fletcher expressed this growing conviction some years ago when he declared that to turn from our younger versifiers to the lyrical Hardy was like turning to Bach or Beethoven after listening to a ragtime band.

Further evidence of Hardy's still growing reputation is presented by the career of the present little volume in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series, a book which is already in its seventh printing. Its contents are well chosen. They represent Hardy's lyricism at its best—that lyricism which was once so unaccountably called "harsh" and "unmelodious." They reflect his steady critical attitude, so different from the crude "pessimism" with which he was once charged. From them there gradually emerges his suggestive philosophy, so singularly fruitful and coherent in spite of his disclaimer. Here the Hardy enthusiast will find many of his favorite pieces; here those who know Hardy only by hearsay will discover the best of all possible introductions to a literary figure whose already great stature is still increasing.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Does Mankind Advance?

Progress and Religion: A Historical Inquiry, by Christopher Dawson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.00.

THIS book is no less significant for its general conclusions than as an indication of current opinion. It is a summary of recent theories of progress, and therefore of many prevailing philosophies of history, and at the same time an assertion that religion is not only the key to history but the source and explanation of progress in culture and civilization. Though the author restricted himself to an analysis and criticism of the sociological, the historical and the anthropological theories of progress, his discussion took a much wider range and included many other hypotheses not usually discovered under these categories. The reason for the book is to be found in a conviction, which reflects the thought of countless others, that civilization is again at the crossroads, and that the determination of its future destiny depends on the choice of direction which will govern its future course.

The author has not shrunk from the double task which the subject demanded, of making a survey of universal history and submitting to analysis the theories of others who had striven to explain the relative value of the past and the present social order and civilization. No effort is made to minimize or depreciate the tremendous advances which are evident in the present urbanized, industrial civilization, but no attempt is made to conceal the apprehension which is felt that this structure rests on a very insecure foundation. The rapidity with

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which the political and economic framework of society was transformed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries tended not only to the abandonment of the old principles but to the formulation of new schemes and plans for the adjustment of social relations and the rebuilding of civilization.

The author reviews succinctly but searchingly the theories of the revolutionists and reformers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of Comte, Spencer, Huxley, Bertrand Russell and others, of the pragmatists, the vitalists, the socialists and the anthropologists, but he especially devotes many pages to Spengler's Decline of the West. All these he finds insufficient and unsatisfactory either as explanations of social progress or as offering schemes for social permanence. They do not find the roots of human action and they do not explain the uniformity of human motives and endeavor.

Having disposed of materialistic thought and theory the author takes up the positive side of his work, and develops the idea that religion is the basis and the explanation of institutional development and stability. This part of the work includes a criticism of the findings of comparative religion and a discussion of the importance of the spiritual element in culture. Needless to say, any argument that rests on a survey of universal history and an analysis of world civilization must necessarily abound in sweeping generalizations and comprehensive judgments. These are, in the main, just and usually conservative. It is refreshing to find that the mediaeval period is not eliminated, and that a generous attitude is taken on the subject of the Church's action in conserving and enlarging the sphere of human right and opportunity. The author has some pointed but pertinent observations on the attempt to find a substitute for religion in science, and while admitting the contribution science has made to human welfare, he is not convinced it offers a panacea for social ills or a program for social betterment.

The work is unquestionably a strong plea for the claims of religion, but more stress might have been laid on the contribution religion has to offer for the solution of present problems, and more attention might have been paid to formulating some plan of reform based on Christian ideals and purposes. The book is stimulating and courageous. There is no evidence of any desire to evade the issues, but the sureness with which the evidence is handled in disposing of the theories of others is not counterbalanced by a corresponding plan of constructive reform derived from the universal claim of religion or the principles of Christianity.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

A Kindly Critic

The Meaning of Rousseau, by Ernest Hunter Wright. New York: The Oxford University Press.

THE times are more than relatively hectic, so that failure to read the works of Rousseau will not seriously impair anybody's reputation. It is to be regretted, of course, that so many have denounced them on the basis of quotations gathered at second hand or marshaled without regard for the context. Professor Wright, who has long since made a hobby of Romanticism, writes not to prove Rousseau correct or incorrect, but to "put down his main opinions as a long perusal of his work has led me to believe he meant them." The result is more than interesting. It constitutes, in fact, a strong case for the "traditionalism" of Rousseau—for his appeal to historical wisdom as the best argument against dangerous innovators. Perhaps the most important section is that devoted to the real meaning of the "return to nature." If our author is correct,

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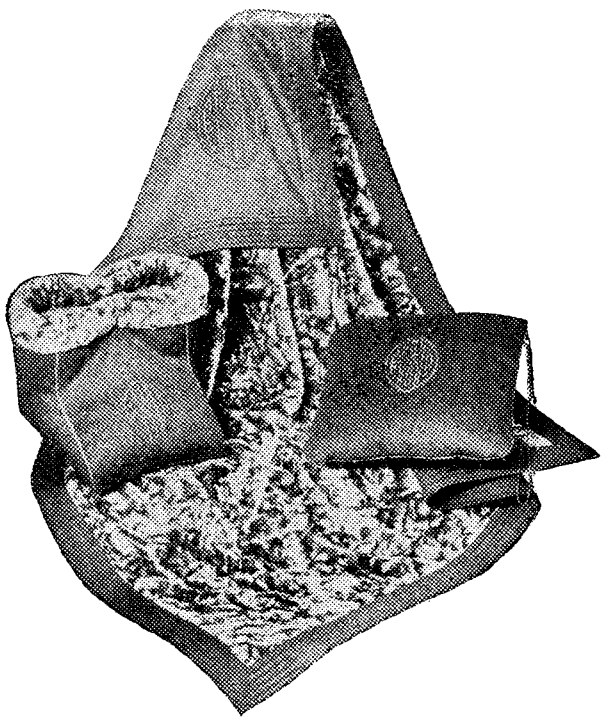

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NEXT WEEK

THE SACRED CROWN OF SAINT STEPHEN rests in the castle of Buda, in an inaccessible chamber, guarded day and night by an armed troop of knightly custodians. Friedrich von Minkus, after describing this treasure, costly, beautiful, venerable, develops the fact that, for Hungarians, the idea of one single nation is embodied absolutely in that sacred crown as the consecrated relic of their first king, and demonstrates how the history of Hungary has borne out this idea. . . . A clever analysis of Dr. John B. Watson's brand of American Behaviorism and an exposé of the criticisms leveled against him by Keyserling and others is the subject of an interesting paper, THE METAPHYSICAL BEHAVIORIST, by Frank Whalen. What Dr. Watson promised to do and did not do is, according to Mr. Whalen, the target of his critics rather than what he has accomplished. . . . Douglas Bush, whose familiarity with the Canadian scene is exceptional, has replied to a question: IS THERE A CANADIAN LITERATURE? His paper is timely because a new school of letters in Toronto promises to flourish. . . . Gouverneur Paulding has written A VISIT TO LOURDES which adorns an old theme with considerable novelty. Lourdes, he says, is "a Passion play; but the actors literally suffer their passion and hope for and sometimes witness a miracle." . . . A charming story of a boy who was the eyes of his aged grandfather, is recounted in Stoyan Christowe's GRANDFATHER SEES THE BISHOP. Mr. Christowe writes intimately of life in Bulgaria, of which country he is a native.

Emile and its companion books argue less for an easy existence beside a breadfruit tree than for a life in conformity with the dictates of "natural law." Similarly, the discussion of the famous Contrat Social tends to establish the claim that Rousseau was not trying to write an outlandish history of social relationships, but to trace an ideal government which has since appealed to many peoples as desirable.

Though Professor Wright's views on these and other Rousseauistic topics are not new, having been propounded for the most part by less conservative-minded French critics, his book is probably the best exposition of the subject from the point of view adopted. It ought to prove immensely stimulating to American readers interested in the Romantic era; and though it may be somewhat overcautious in tone, the style is generally commendable. What one misses is any reference to those Scholastic sources from which Rousseau derived many of his notions, and any comparative study of the rightness of his inferences. The key to the matter is certainly the Jesuit doctrine as professed in France during the Grand Siècle. This remains, however, a closed book to almost all students, who do not even seem to be aware of the light which the Abbé Brémond's books shed, quite incidentally, upon the Rousseau problem. Perhaps Professor Wright has given us the corrective introduction which will lead to a broader and more socialized view of the question.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Conscience and a Coward

Class Reunion, by Franz Werfel; translated by Whittaker Chambers. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.00.

CLASS REUNION is an account of a man's examination of conscience and suggests a similar examination which Germany might wisely make regarding her treatment of the Jew.

Franz Josef Adler, accused of murder, is brought before Dr. Ernst Sebastian, the examining magistrate. Gradually Dr. Sebastian becomes convinced that the prisoner is a former classmate of his at the gymnasium. That night he attends a very dull reunion of this same class and finds in Adler's absence further grounds for his belief. On the way home he reflects upon the irony of the circumstance that Adler, the one boy in his class who might have achieved distinction, is now accused of murder, while he, Sebastian, the boy who was responsible for the seduction of Adler's intellect, should be the examining magistrate. He hurries home and begins to write in a perfect frenzy, laying bare details which reveal the corroding influence of his strong, perverted mind upon Adler's sensitive, ultra-refined nature.

Sebastian probes to the depths of his being in an endeavor to discover a reason for his bitter antagonism to Adler, his relentless annihilation of the boy's self-respect, and he comes to but one conclusion. Adler was a Jew, "that is, of the race from which the world is willing to accept everything but superiority."

Werfel is intensely concerned with problems of the spirit, and in Class Reunion his message is less obscure than in some of his other works. With a sure, deft hand he builds up his situations bit by bit until the consequences are inevitable. If the spirit is to gain supremacy it must be by utter self-abasement. After he humbles himself to the man whom he had supposed to be Franz Adler, Sebastian, for the first time in his life, feels the proximity of God. Class Reunion is an engrossing book, but by no stretch of the imagination could it ever be called pleasant reading.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

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Vision

When the Veil Is Rent, by the Right Reverend Francis Clement Kelley. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THERE is a good deal that is unusual about Bishop Kelley's story of what happened to one human soul after death. A direct, clear and simple style has been employed effectively to depict the sequence of vivid and often moving allegories which define and elucidate, in concrete imaginative application, the awesome and yet comforting mysteries pertaining to our final destiny. What is apt to estrange the reader in such essays at symbolic interpretation is the ingenuity of the ideas and images employed. They tend to impart a naive literalness to conceptions which we know only in the vast, stark outlines of delivered dogma; and it must be confessed that toward the end of When the Veil Is Rent, some such criticism does begin to trouble the mind. But the greater part of the book is undeniably successful in its effort to convince us of the reality of the soul's initiation into eternity.

The story outline is uncomplicated. It follows the reminiscences of an old priest who holds that "most people, at least once in their lives, have heard a voice that seemed to come from out of a cloud-closed land," and who illustrates his thesis by relating an experience which came to him in a dream or a vision. It was given him to follow the destiny of one of those men who, in life, have been good by nature rather than by grace. The theme of Divine illumination and mercy, and of finally awakened human penitence and understanding, is very finely and touchingly developed; and the great truths of the dignity of the human soul, its obligation to aspire loftily instead of meanly, its need for love and humility, are given an explication which really and deeply impresses.

There is no wish here to suggest that Bishop Kelley's version of the soul's journey challenges Dante's in grandeur or permanence of quality. It need not do that to fulfil its purpose. It has a depth of earnestness that Dante would have recognized and respected, and it has the lucid and benign teaching which we Catholics of the present, as of all ages, share with the Florentine. It is no dispraise to Bishop Kelley's gifts to say that he is not a deathless poet. He is a gifted and sincere writer, whose book cannot be read without profit.

MARY KOLARS.

Cyrano Unmasked

Cyrano: Swordsman, Libertin and Man-of-Letters, by Cameron Rogers. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $3.50.

MR. ROGERS'S life of Cyrano makes short shrift of the romantic conception which we owe to Rostand. Mr. Rogers has been to Bergerac in Gascony, he has particularly read the life by Pierre Brun, and he has pored over manuscripts of the era in the Bibliothèque Nationale, most of which have described Cyrano unkindly. The result, given these circumstances and those of the present belittling literary fashion, and also those of the author's own tastes, is a detailed, well-written, easily interesting book about a personage, probably minor, who, though possessing indubitable talent with the point of rapier and of quill, morbidly turned his world against him and became a derided failure in those arts of life wherein he most wished success—dueling, loving and writing.

Rostand and Mr. Rogers agree that this morbid sensitiveness and hostility to the world were caused by Cyrano's Punchinello nose. They part company in reference to plot, for

KENEDY

UPSTREAM

by Martin J. Scott, S.J.

IF you have a touch of the sentimental in your make-up you will have a glorious time reading this latest novel by Father Scott. The theme is based on the mutual and touching love existing between a twelve-year-old boy and his mother; the action centers around their efforts to provide a musical education for the boy. The entire story is best described by that over-worked adjective "appealing." Those who know Father Scott as the strict logician and precise thinker will find him in this book both a poet and a student of human nature, an entertainer for the heart as well as for the mind. Buy it soon and then begin recommending it to your friends. $2.00

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THIS book of meditations is intended primarily for nuns; its title is taken to describe the life-long vigil of those cloistered souls who eagerly await the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom. These meditations contain fresh thoughts, the calm dignity of certitude and the refreshing peace of Christ. Those who have read this author's previous devotional books know the sublimity of her thought and the classic simplicity of her style, which are the reasons for her charm and distinction. $2.00

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whereas Rostand would have his reader put credence in his hero's idealistic fervor in love and in religion, Mr. Rogers shows us the swordsman as cold, never really amorous except in a certain green sickness for his cousin (the real Roxane); writing ardent epistles only to exercise himself in the artificialities of Rambouilletan expression; an unregenerate freethinker dying, as he had lived, heretically and detesting, as in Rostand he had not detested, the sight of Sisters of Mercy.

Underneath all of this fustian in Cyrano lay, one cannot help thinking, only the redeeming virtue of a love for picturesque language. With what neatness this playboy who was never anything else turned phrases! But because very few other virtues bolstered that one, and because he was unlucky with fortune, friends and family, each one of whom he flouted, the run of his life became tediously marred. He duels well, for instance, until, a career as swordsman assured and a patron in the offing, he foolishly throws up fighting for writing. As penman, too, he produces a classic tragedy only little below Corneille, a philosophical treatise full of original and later to be fulfilled ideas—e.g., rockets to the moon and the phonograph—and a comedy a scene of which is appropriated by Molière. Then, just when he could achieve his ambition and be the best known, as he was the last, of the Libertins, he makes enemies of his best friends; squanders his independent living on printing his own insignificant lampoons; and when a good break in his fortune really comes with the production of his play by his one patron, refuses to erase offensive lines, is made the butt of popular aversion, with the play forever after banned, and becomes, at thirty-six (his dying year) the model of despair.

Mr. Rogers has discovered the obscure Italian family of much oil and little breeding, from which Cyrano's grandfather in Bergamo sprang. In the train of Catherine de'Medici this ancestor arrived in France, and for his Guisard loyalty was granted putative demesnes, the chateaux of Mauvières and Bergerac (in which ravished milieus his descendants never had the courage to live) and a coat-of-arms. Really Cyrano had never been outside of Paris until he was twenty; he was no Gascon at all. Mr. Rogers has written of him, however, in a dashing, word-spiced way, half à la Strachey, half à la Thomas Beer. I do not know whether either comparison is especially eulogistic, since each of these two biographers bears to his task much malice that is but dimly Parnassian. Mr. Rogers's style is readier than theirs—colorful and vigorous. For this feeling for and use of language one is grateful, as well as for his having made Cyrano something more than the usual French interpreter, of his period or ours.

Well, what of Rostand's play, one will ask? That sympathetic interpretation has lasted the longest. Is it not therefore the truest, in spite of our modern love for picking things to pieces? Or is it, unlike Mr. Rogers's book, Tennysonian?

JAMES W. LANE.

After Dickens

The Eighteen Seventies; edited by Harley Granville-Barker. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

PRIOR to 1880, Mr. Hugh Walpole finds, "the new forces came sweeping in" the realm of English fiction and definitively squelched the older decorum. But possibly the novelists of those faraway days (in particular the author of Ginx's Baby) may "pity us because we are so clever." The new woman was also not unknown, Mr. de la Mare reminds us, though the feminine writers of narrative in those days did not, "in their explorations of the House of Life, lavish an uncon-

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scionably protracted scrutiny on the drains." Possibly, however, some of this restraint was not so much the result of virtue as of a mere lack of curiosity. At any rate Miss Sackville-West is compelled to confess "that the woman poets of the eighteen-seventies, though numerous and prolific, are exceedingly dull." Their male confrères, too, were caught between the enlarging silences of the great Victorians and the immaturity of later masters, as Mr. John Drinkwater learnedly expounds.

The period had one interesting representative figure, Andrew Lang, regarding whom George Saintsbury declares that "it was quite impossible for him to do anything ungenerous, even as it was impossible for him to do anything unliterary." It may or may not be true that Lang enjoyed seeing a new play by Robertson, about whose art Sir Arthur Pinero writes knowingly, but he must have got a thrill from Pygmalion and Galatea. And so forth.

These and a number of other aspects of English literature in the seventies are dealt with in essays designed to keep a lover of bookish history up long past the bedtime hour. Written by members of the Royal Society of Literature, the book is an interesting testimony to what can actually be achieved by earnest corporate endeavor.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Israel Mourns

The Wall of Weeping, by Edmond Fleg; translated by Humbert Wolfe. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $12.00.

RECENT events in Palestine lend a poignant significance to Edmond Fleg's lengthy poetic evocation of the aspirations and sorrows of Israel. It avoids the error of trying to express definitely what is, after all, more a matter of cultural mood and instinct than of intellectual formula. On the other hand, it remains structurally chaotic—a plethora of images which do not coalesce. "The Jews weep, but see the end of sorrow" is, perhaps, the central conception, which evolves into a frieze of vision embracing the outward tenseness and the inner disarray of modern life. Here is a people which has learned to say:

> "While the darnock strangles the shofar-horn,
> while the jackal laughs where the timbrel used,
> our voice is the voice of those that mourn,
> and the silver chord is loosed."

It has sombre memories of dead cities, which men have forgotten "but God has not forgiven"; it has come upon the "path that daylight does not know"; it has endured the sight of a humanity which "plunged in dark the love of the Creator"; and still the plaintive yet hopeful chant rises immemorial from its bosom:

> "Dark are thy ways! O who can find them?
> O Lord of distance, and yet we see
> the dayspring a wisp of Thy glory behind them,
> the nightfall a step on the path to Thee."

Mr. Wolfe has achieved a version decidedly interesting in its metrical affluence, though admittedly different from the original in spirit and form. It must have been a work of love, which merits adequate recognition. The present limited edition is signed by both the author and the translator, so tempting those who care to possess unusual good books.

PAUL CROWLEY.

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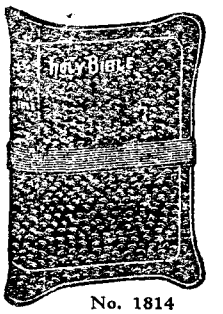

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Briefer Mention

Living, by Henry Green. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THERE is a story here. There are certain passages of descriptive beauty even in Bridesley, Birmingham. There is the Comic Spirit, quite Meredithian in cunning. There is characterization; old Craignan reading Dickens again and again, who would not raise a son above his class; Lily, with her chaste elopement to Liverpool; Bert Jones's "cone-shaped trousers"; Mr. Dupret's son, "picking his nose." These people are real. But all this is submerged in the author's medium. Short sentences—yes. Verbless sentences, too; Carlyle innovated them. Consider these, however, picked at random: "Evening. Was spring. Heavy blue clouds stayed over above. In small back garden of villa small tree was with yellow buds"; "Standing in foundry shop son of Mr. Dupret thought in mind"; "He had on bowler hat, high, high crown." The effect on the reader is bewildering. But one who has lived in China recognizes the thrifty technique of Pidgin-English, which uses the concrete word and deletes the rest.

The Way of the Greeks, by F. R. Earp. New York: The Oxford University Press.

MR. EARP cannot write about the Greeks with the unction of Gilbert Murray or Paul Shorey but his book, designed to avoid "infallibly repelling all but a few scholars," seems quite as valuable as theirs. The essential aim is to discern popular ideas and general cultural attitudes which are reflected in literature, and to help to explain them. Editorial comment in The Commonweal has already stressed the interest of Mr. Earp's interpretation of Greek traditionalism. It remains to add that his book, buttressed squarely upon the great writers and artists, rambles amiably over the fields of religion, morality, belief in a future life and general culture. Few things better in the way of collateral reading could be offered college students in the classics.

The Shores of Adventure, by Everett McNeil. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

EVERETT McNEILL is a well-known writer of adventure stories for boys. This volume is after the usual pattern appealing to the juvenile sense of heroics—including duels, mutinies, Indian fights, mysterious caskets, Aztec jewels, et al, embellishing the theme of Jacques Cartier's second voyage to the new world. For youngsters, thrills aplenty are guaranteed. Vice is subdued and virtue emerges triumphant, to the tune of a wedding march on the last page.

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